The Outlook

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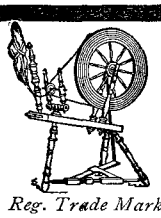
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The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1908

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The Political Campaign

The result of last week's election of State and district delegates to the two great political Conventions was to leave Secretary Taft and Mr. Bryan still decidedly in the lead. According to one computation, from a source favorably inclined to Secretary Taft, the number of delegates instructed or known to be in favor of the different candidates at the end of the week was as follows: Taft, 418; Knox, 68; Hughes, 59; Cannon, 46; Fairbanks, 32; La Follette, 25; Foraker, 2; and uncommitted delegates, 180. Another statement, from a source less favorable to Mr. Taft, is that he has 316 votes certain on the first ballot, while 145 votes are contested, and Mr. Taft is expected to get, in addition to the number given above, 102. It will be remembered that in the Republican Convention 491 votes are necessary to nominate. Mr. Bryan was reported at the end of the week to have 627 delegates instructed for him or favoring him; in the Democratic Convention it takes 668 votes to nominate. There were a number of important State Conventions during the week, but it must be borne in mind that instruction or refusal to instruct in favor of a candidate by a State Convention applies only to the delegates at large, while the districts which elect the other delegates for the State may or may not instruct at their pleasure. It is possible, therefore, for an entire State delegation to be instructed for one candidate, or for the delegates at large only to be instructed, or for some or all of the district delegates to be instructed. The New Jersey Republican Convention declined to instruct its delegates at large; an attempt to instruct in favor of Mr. Roosevelt properly met with quick defeat. In Connecticut the sentiment in favor of Mr. Taft in the Republican Convention was very strong, and the Connecticut vote will be cast in a large majority for Mr. Taft, although the Convention gave no instructions to its representatives. Kentucky instructed its delegates at large for Mr. Taft, and Utah, while it committed a bad error in political good taste in declaring President Roosevelt its first choice for the Presidential nomination, contrary to his reiterated declaration that he was not to be so considered, proceeded to declare Mr. Taft its second choice. The triumphant indorsement of Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, by the Democratic State Convention was very generally expected; his campaign as against Mr. Bryan is certainly being conducted with vigor. In Massachusetts the State Democratic Convention instructed its delegates at large in favor of Mr. Bryan.

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Congress

Ten days ago the newspaper correspondents in Washington were of the opinion that Congress had determined to pass as little legislation as it possibly could at this session. This was interpreted to mean that both the House and the Senate proposed to show the President their dissatisfaction with his attitude on some of the public questions of the day. Newspapers like the New York Sun regarded this contest between President and Congress with undisguised satisfaction, confident that Congress held "the whip hand." To-day the situation is changed. Members of both the House and the Senate have begun to hear from their constituents expressions of approval of the President's recommendations, and influential Republicans in both bodies are now desirous of doing something definite in the legislative line. Mr. Tawney's proposal to cut down wages on the Panama Canal, a proposal looked upon with great concern by Mr. Roosevelt, has been overwhelmingly defeated

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in the House. Conferences of leaders indicate that a Currency Bill will probably be passed along the lines of the Aldrich and Vreeland measures. This, too, is in line with the President's recommendation, and has been urged by The Outlook for many weeks past. The Civic Federation Bill for the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law no longer slumbers in committee, but is being actively discussed in hearings with expert witnesses, and has a reasonable chance of favorable action. Mr. Roosevelt's recent Messages have not always been read with profound interest in Congress, but they have evidently been read by the voters of the country.

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The Newspapers and the Tariff

A large number of newspapers, among them some of the influential daily journals of the country, have joined in a carefully arranged campaign to persuade Congress to put wood pulp on the free list. The reasons for this demand for special tariff legislation are as follows: It is asserted that there is a combination of paper manufacturers in restraint of trade; that by means of this combination wood pulp, which is the raw material of news paper, is monopolized; that thus artificial and extortionate prices are maintained for paper; that the publishers of newspapers are suffering severely from these high prices; and that the only relief which they can obtain from the oppression of this extortionate trust is to have wood pulp put on the free list. It is undoubtedly true that free wood pulp would materially reduce the price of printing paper. If such a reduction were made, The Outlook would very materially profit by it; the amount annually spent for paper is the largest single item of cost in the production of this journal. But The Outlook has declined to join in the movement to put wood pulp on the free list, and hopes that Congress will decline to pass this legislation. The tariff schedules of the United States undoubtedly need revision, and in most instances reduction; but this revision and reduction should be made, not for the benefit of any special interest, but from the standpoint of the business interests of the whole country. It is as uneconomic, unreasonable, and unjust for the newspapers of the country to ask for free wood pulp in order that their pocketbooks may be benefited as it would be for the steel manufacturers to ask for an increased duty on pig iron in order that their pocketbooks might be benefited. It has not been clearly demonstrated that the price of news paper is extortionately high; it is unquestionably higher than it was a few years ago, but the paper-makers claim that the general increase in wages and in the cost of all material and means of manufacture have made an increase in the price of their product necessary. But, admitting that there is a monopoly in restraint of trade in paper-making, the proper recourse of the newspaper publishers is to proceed against this monopoly under the anti-trust law in the first place, and, in the second place, to urge a general and scientific reduction of the tariff on all raw materials entering into goods manufactured in this country. The first step in such a revision is the appointment of a commission of business experts whose duty it shall be, after deliberate and scientific examination, to recommend action by Congress, not merely on one schedule such as paper, but on all the various schedules involved in our present tariff law. Public sentiment is rapidly growing in favor of such a commission, and if Congress will establish such a body it will be making not only a just but a politic answer to the somewhat embarrassing demands of the newspapers.

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The Final Act in the Cleveland Traction Contest

On April 27, almost exactly seven years after the inauguration of Tom L. Johnson as Mayor of Cleveland, the warfare for three-cent fare and ultimate municipal ownership came to an end. Every resource of a huge corporation, buttressed by the financial, business, and social pressure of a great city, was exhausted before the private street traction company succumbed. On the other hand, election after election turned on this issue, and year after year the people stood by, refusing every proffered settle-

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ment of the company. Final success in the controversy is due to the vigorous persistence of Mayor Johnson, who has not only fought powerful private and political interests, but has designed the original and interesting plan by which the street railways are now to be practically operated as a public trust. The central feature of the settlement is the lease of all the traction lines within the city and its suburbs to the holding company, composed of nine men who are pledged to the operation of the system as a public company. A price was agreed upon for the property, equal to $55 a share. This gives a total value to the property of $23,000,000. On this sum a rental equal to six per cent interest is to be paid under the lease. All earnings in excess of this rent are to be used for the betterment of the service or reduction of fares. The familiar device of modern finance of the holding company is being ingeniously used in Cleveland for the purpose of securing quasi-municipal ownership. On the day following the settlement cars were operated free, and the day was set apart as Municipal Day. On April 29 fares were reduced to three cents within the city limits and five cents without the city, no transfers being given. On May 8 the rate of fares was again changed by the addition of transfers, for which an additional cent is charged. The charge for transfers is to last ninety days, during which time extensive alterations are being made in the system. At the end of that time the charge for transfers is to be abandoned and a straight three-cent fare with universal transfers is to become operative within the city limits. Immediately following the settlement a strike was threatened by the conductors and motormen for an increase in wages of two cents an hour. The strike has been averted for the present by negotiations which are still pending. The company promises to treat its employees as nearly as possible like the city employees, and to operate the entire system in harmony with the city government. It has pledged itself to keep its books at all times open to public inspection to any citizen, and has inaugurated the unique financial policy of selling its own securities in small lots to small investors under a guaranty to redeem them at all times at par. The company thus offers a six per cent investment in competition with the savings bank rate, subject to payment at any time without brokerage commission or other charge. By this means it hopes to make it a popularly owned corporation, and to return to the people in one form or other the increasing earnings of the company. The ultimate success of the plan depends, of course, upon whether nine citizens of Cleveland can be found who are capable of managing a street railway as they would a savings bank. The opponents of the plan say that nine such men cannot be maintained in office. The history of American municipal government affords some justification for this pessimistic view. But it is to be hoped that the citizens of Cleveland will be equal to grasping this rather extraordinary opportunity to demonstrate practically that public office is a public trust. It may be added that the law governing this experiment should finally be framed upon the model of the savings bank law to prevent, as far as law can, future directors of the company from using their high office for their own financial or political benefit.

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The Appalachian-White Mountain Bill

We have great National Forests in the West. We have none in the East. Our Western forests exceed a total of a hundred and sixty million acres. They are important, not only for the preservation and use of timber, but also for the storage of water. In considering this latter function we have but to remember that every forest acts as a sponge. The rainfall is held by its mass of roots and leaves, and is given out gradually and not suddenly, as would result if there were no forest. In countries where the forests have been destroyed, such as Spain, Syria, and China, the streams are roaring torrents in the spring, and are apt to dry up the rest of the year. Eastern America, where the forests have been largely cut down, is beginning to

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show such tendencies. For instance, the Merrimac River, having its rise in the White Mountains, has lost much of the former steady flow, utilized by many mills along its lower reaches. In South Carolina the loss to mills through freshets and by the choking up of streams amounts to millions of dollars. The White Mountain watershed is the source of the Merrimac and other important New England rivers. The Appalachian watershed is the source of the rivers of our Southeastern States. To preserve the forests on these watersheds, as well as to conserve the forests themselves, a bill was introduced some time ago into Congress. It passed the Senate, but has not yet passed the House. The principal objection to it comes from those who believe that the Federal Government has no power to acquire lands within a State solely for National Forests. The bill was therefore referred for an opinion from the House Committee on Agriculture to the Committee on the Judiciary. The latter Committee has lately published its opinion:

> The Federal Government has no power to acquire lands within a State *solely* for forest reserves; but, under its Constitutional power over navigation, the Federal Government *may* appropriate for the purchase of lands and forest reserves in a State, provided it is made clearly to appear that such lands and forest reserves have a direct and substantial connection with the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river actually navigable in whole or in part.

A new bill has been promptly introduced restricting purchase within the limits of benefit to navigation, the Judiciary Committee's opinion being that the previous measure was not so confined. We hope that the Committee on Agriculture will now act speedily and favorably on the Appalachian-White Mountain Bill in its final form. Such action will be urged by many of the Governors in the approaching Washington Conference, especially by the Governors of fourteen States particularly interested, for the governments of those States have already made official representations to Congress to this effect. A great number of manufacturing, commercial, engineering, civic, and municipal associations have done the same. They believe, as do we, in President Roosevelt's words in his latest annual Message: "We should acquire in the Appalachian and White Mountain regions all the forest lands possible to acquire for the use of the Nation. These lands, because they form a National asset, are as emphatically National as the rivers which they feed."

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Rainfall, Forests and Navigation

The individual views on the Appalachian-White Mountain Bill of Representative Jenkins, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, appear in a special report. This is analogous to the printing of separate opinions by judges who may differ from the judgment of the court of which they are members, or concur in the decision for reasons different from those set forth in the majority opinion. Mr. Jenkins opposes the bill, not only because the Constitution does not specifically authorize the acquisition of land for forest purposes, but because "to purchase mountains and forests to improve navigation would not be exercising a discretion most beneficial to the people." How the acquisition of lands for forestry purposes, he argues, "will regulate stream-flow or improve navigation is, for the present, rather speculative." Now, one might reply that, if any fact be established, it is that the forest is a natural reservoir for water-storage, equalizing the flow of brooks and streams. Navigable rivers, formed by the union of these streams, are consequently kept in a continual condition of navigability, instead of, as now, a partial one. Furthermore, the forest retains the dirt and débris which now too often fill up our navigable streams, causing obstructions therein. Yet Mr. Jenkins objects: "If the end sought is the . . . improvement of navigation . . . why not apply to Congress for the improvement of the rivers involved; and if Congress in its wisdom decides upon the improvement, no person will risk his reputation by insisting that it is necessary and proper to acquire the mountains and forests involved in order to improve the navigation." Mr. Jenkins might properly have added that the improvement of our navigable streams hitherto authorized by

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Congress—namely, dredging—has never been anything but a very temporary cure. Nevertheless, on the same page this critic adds: "No person will want to risk his reputation by saying that commerce by water transportation can be successfully carried on by means of rainfall, or that the acquisition of lands by the United States will increase rainfall or improve navigation." The increase of rainfall is not involved, but the conservation of rainfall. Mr. Jenkins ought to have been aware that the Appalachian-White Mountain Bill, by conserving rainfall in the forest, equalizes stream-flow and thus improves navigation.

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Mayor McClellan on Public Honor

The country has for so long a time been accustomed to seeing the Mayors of its great cities devoting themselves to the promotion of their own selfish ambitions or the lubrication and running of the particular political machine in which they are interested, that it is refreshing to find the Mayor of a great democratic municipality both willing and fitted by education and scholarship to speak on some of the higher phases of political administration. We have already called attention to the services of Mayor McClellan in behalf of public art and architecture. He has added to his reputation as a student of political science by an address delivered last week at Cornell University on "The Political Tendencies of the Age." In this address he reviewed the increasing public concern in the growth of Socialism and the progress in this country toward centralization of responsibility and power in the executive, whether that branch of the government be administered by a Mayor, a Governor, or a President. The Outlook takes issue with Mayor McClellan in his belief that this movement toward centralization is un-American, unrepresentative, and so undemocratic. It is our judgment that so-called centralization will fix responsibility more definitely upon the executive, that he will therefore be more strictly accountable to the people, and that in this way the will of democracy can be more fully expressed. But we join very heartily with the Mayor in his appeal for higher standards and higher ideals in political life; no government, whether it be individualistic or Socialistic, can long survive the abandonment of honorable ideals. The following passage from Mayor McClellan's address deserves a wide reading:

> . . . The crying need of the day is fewer men with ideas and more men with ideals. Right is right and wrong is wrong all the world over. What is wrong in private life is worse in public life.
>
> One of the most difficult problems of the great trust which I occupy is to get the right men for public office. In this country official salaries are small, on the theory, I suppose, that the honor of public service is a sufficient reward. There are, therefore, just three classes of men who accept public office—men of independent means, men who have not succeeded in private life and who take office as a business proposition, and men with enough public spirit and sense of duty to make a money sacrifice to serve the State. Unfortunately, there are all too few of the latter class.
>
> This is not a plea for a general increase in salaries, but a plea for a general increase in interest in public affairs. There are very few Americans who will not willingly and cheerfully give their lives for the flag; there are very few who will give their time, or any part of it, for the State. I do not ask you to devote your lives to the holding of public office, but I do ask you to remember that you are citizens. Public life in this country is not all cakes and ale.

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The Dramatization of School Work

To celebrate its twenty-third anniversary the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers gave last week what may be termed an indoor pageant. In seventeen scenes, undergraduates, assisted by pupils of the Model School connected with the Training School, represented successive stages in the history of education. Appreciative laughter, interspersed or mingled with applause and accompanied with individual expressions of surprise at each new turn in the spectacle, told what the audience thought of the performance. As sheer entertainment no play could be more successful; indeed, for such an occasion none would have succeeded so well. The platform was barren of curtain and footlights, and was adorned with no stage scenery. In a clever short introductory speech Miss

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Johnston, the Principal of the Training School, explained that the simple stage settings would be shifted in view of the audience, and that the young ladies who acted as scene-shifters were to be regarded as those unseen forces which, molding the outward aspect of things, give character and distinction to an era. The programme divided the scenes into five groups: Oriental, Classical, Mediæval, Modern, and American. As the assembled school sang a Chinese hymn in honor of ancestors, a half-dozen figures were seen in the aisle approaching the platform. All but one were in picturesque Chinese costume. That one, a young woman in a costume of white embroidered with golden yellow (the colors of the school), proved to be Chorus, the interpreter. In stately diction, Chorus, impersonated successively by several undergraduates, commented upon each scene. After a brief session in a Chinese school, the charmingly visible "unseen forces" deftly erected in a few seconds a frame of logs. Immediately there mounted to the stage a new group, wearing the garb of the ancient Hebrews and bearing logs hung with leafy boughs. In answer to the piping question of a child, he who plainly was the head of the family explained how the booth that they proceeded to build with their logs and their boughs was to remind them of the days when the Children of Israel wandered in the wilderness with their tents. Then Plato, Socrates, Greek boys and girls at their games, and the Muses in a graceful dance, carried the audience entertainingly through five scenes to the Middle Ages. Thereupon sounded (with remarkable fidelity to the actual) the tones of a Gregorian chant. With a few tables and benches the platform was transformed into a baronial hall, and before a princely company with retainers and servitors a minstrel recited the death of Beowulf. Later a doctor underwent the ceremony of inception at the University of Bologna. Intercalated were two allegorical scenes representing the studies of the mediæval schools and the system of Jesuit education. Modern education was outlined by a lifelike and most appealing representation of Pestalozzi with his group of orphan children, a selection of kindergarten plays, and picturesque symbolic representations of Spencer's utilitarian standard of educative values—which were very far from being as forbidding visually as they sound in words. The exhibition closed with a series of tableaux showing some scenes from New York schools. What was distinctive about this celebration was that it embodied a method regularly used in the classes of the school. Miss Johnston has succeeded in applying to the study of history and literature some of the essential elements of the laboratory. Literature and history are visualized. Not only does this "dramatization of school work," as Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of the New York Public Schools, termed it, engage the interest of the pupils, but it also supplies them with the background of history and of literature and stimulates their imagination.

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The Fleet at San Francisco

The reception of our battle-ship fleet at San Francisco last week, like the enthusiastic display at the lesser California ports already noted in The Outlook, means, we believe, something more than a love for the spectacular or even the expression of National patriotism. Now for the first time the chief city of our Pacific coast sees a naval force worthy of the name and comparable with the modern navies of other countries. The people of California rightly regard this as an indication that hereafter in American naval matters the Pacific coast is to be regarded as calling equally for attention and foresight with the Atlantic coast. Another aspect of the reception at San Francisco was the very special honor and affection shown to Admiral Evans. The correspondents very generally compare the display to the great tribute to Admiral Dewey in New York nine years ago, with the hero's part allotted to Admiral Evans in this case. Happily, the commander of the battle-ship fleet was sufficiently recovered from illness to take his place at the head of his officers and men, and thus his retirement from active service in the navy was fittingly marked by a great popular tribute. The two chief

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official events of the week's festivities were the entrance of the fleet into San Francisco's beautiful harbor through the Golden Gate, the immense procession of Thursday, and the naval review of Friday. Forty-two war-ships took part in the entrance, and, headed by the Connecticut as flag-ship, made a great circle in the upper bay. Hundreds of steamers, sailing vessels, and small craft of every kind were anchored near by; many tens of thousands of people were gathered on the surrounding hills to witness the spectacle; salutes from the war-ships and the forts thundered back and forth; hundreds of bands of music were playing everywhere; ships and buildings and streets were alive with flags and decorations. Thus ended the longest cruise ever made by what can properly be called a fleet of battle-ships of any navy—to be followed, however, by the still longer return cruise, through Eastern waters. The distance covered has been nearly fourteen thousand sea miles, and the time from Hampton Roads to San Francisco harbor (including a month spent for target practice and other naval work at Magdalena Bay and about fifty days spent in other ports) was a few hours less than one hundred and forty-two days. It is noteworthy and almost extraordinary that during this time the fleet suffered no misadventure of consequence and very few delays or accidents. On Thursday came the great land parade, in which the acclamation which greeted Admiral Evans, as he rode at the head of the procession with Mayor Taylor, was, eye-witnesses say, almost frenzied. Under a perfect California sun, through the now wonderfully rebuilt streets of the new San Francisco, and past enormous crowds, the parade wended its way. About twelve thousand men were in line, including no fewer than six thousand sailors and marines from the fleet—said to be the largest force of blue-jackets ever seen on shore in line in this country. There were also over two thousand United States troops, commanded by Brigadier-General Funston, including detachments from all branches of the service. The soldiers and sailors were accompanied by veterans of the Civil and Spanish Wars, and even by a few survivors of the Mexican War, while California pioneers, detachments of the National Guard, and officials of note (including Secretary Metcalf, of the Navy Department, and Governor Gillett, of California) were conspicuous in the procession. In the evening illuminations and public rejoicing were universal, but, so far as we can judge from the printed accounts, despite the numerous temptations of such an occasion, the conduct of sailors and citizens alike was commendable. On Friday came the naval review of the combined Atlantic and Pacific fleets by Secretary Metcalf. An account of the picturesque features of this really great public occasion, and of the spirit displayed by the Californians and their visitors, will be published in The Outlook at the earliest possible date, and probably next week.

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A Liberal Defeat

The Asquith Ministry has met with another very discouraging rebuff from a strong Liberal constituency. At a by-election held in Wolverhampton last week to fill the vacancy left by the elevation to the peerage of Sir Henry Fowler, the Liberal candidate was elected by the narrow majority of 86. The Liberal plurality at a former election having been 2,864, this is virtually a defeat, and is so accepted by the Liberals themselves, and the assertion is freely made that the country has gone over to Mr. Chamberlain's tariff doctrines. That a wave of reaction has set in is undeniable; but it is yet to be proved that it represents the willingness of the country to abandon its long-established free-trade policy. Many elements are at work against the Liberal party; among them the tremendous influences arrayed against the proposed licensing legislation, which, as The Outlook has explained, touches the pockets of a great number of persons of all ranks and conditions, and the pocket in every country is a very sensitive point. Moreover, the English temper is essentially conservative, and the country has been alarmed by the apparent sympathy with Socialistic experiments which many Liberal leaders have shown. A good many Englishmen were disturbed by the

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appearance of a large number of representatives of labor unions in the House of Commons, and assumed that this group of men would move in the Socialistic direction. There is a strong feeling against some recent legislation in regard to industrial conditions, much apprehension about the enormous expense which would be involved in the establishment of old-age pensions, and a widespread fear that the Liberal party may become a Socialistic party. All these elements enter into the present political situation, and it is too early to decide which had control in the recent by-elections. The Prime Minister, who is also the First Lord of the Treasury, made the Budget speech in the House of Commons on Thursday night of last week, and greatly relieved that body by announcing that there would be no additional taxes levied. He also outlined a scheme for old-age pensions, which may be briefly stated as providing for the payment of $1.25 a week to all people over seventy whose incomes are less than $130 a year. In the judgment of the Prime Minister, this would involve an annual expenditure of about thirty millions of dollars.

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The Suffragettes Again

The Suffragettes' campaign in New York City does not seem to be attracting much attention nor making much impression. The vagaries which mark it are doubtless somewhat responsible for the irreverent way in which it is treated; but every attempt to interfere with the meetings or to shut off the speakers ought to be frowned on by decent men. Whether the Suffragettes are right in their contention or not is of no account compared with the importance of maintaining the right of free discussion and the reputation of the Americans for courtesy. No doubt the interruptions to which the ladies who have spoken in Wall Street and in Harlem have been subjected have been due largely to the impertinence of half-grown boys; but New York has a reputation to preserve and Americans have a standard to insist upon, and the utmost courtesy ought to be shown to the women who are carrying on this agitation. Their methods are likely to defeat them, unless they are martyrized. In this country, no matter how men may differ from women in opinion, indignity to women will not be tolerated. In England the Suffragette campaign is still following unconventional lines. Recently, in an attempt to speak at Dundee, Mr. Winston Churchill met with utter defeat at the hands of "a Suffragette in a wagonette," armed with a huge dinner-bell. She followed close upon Mr. Churchill's automobile, and whenever he opened his mouth she began to ring her bell; and she rang it so vociferously that its clangor, combined with the laughter and ironical cheers of the crowd, effectively silenced the young statesman. The ringing of bells seems to be a favorite diversion of the Suffragettes. Their early morning call on Mr. Birrell and their relentless ringing of his door-bell were among the picturesque incidents of the earlier stages of the agitation in London. In giving up the battle at Dundee Mr. Churchill remarked that he would not compete with the lady because she was "in a high state of excitement." Whether a campaign can be effectively conducted in such a frame of mind, with hysteria lurking on all sides, remains to be seen.

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Ludovic Halévy

A vivacious vein of comedy distinguished the French theater during the days of the Second Empire. It found appropriate expression in the work and collaboration of Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy. They wrote the librettos of most of Offenbach's operas. These librettos are interesting, not only because of their broad burlesque humor, but as expressing the widespread lack of respect shown both to eminent personages and to dignified subjects between 1860 and 1870 in France. Meilhac and Halévy understood how to utilize this feature with audacity and skill, and their librettos were popular because they were not malevolent. To the labors of collaboration Halévy brought much atmosphere from the musical world, for his uncle, Fromental Halévy, was the

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composer of "La Juive," and his cousin, Georges Bizet, was the composer of "Carmen." For the latter opera Ludovic Halévy prepared a libretto founded on Prosper Mérimée's famous novel. The year before the Empire fell Meilhac and Halévy essayed the more serious drama with "Frou-Frou." The play proved one of the greatest theatrical successes of the century; and events showed that "Frou-Frou," the crushed butterfly, typified the life of the decadent Empire. The play had two hundred and fifty performances at the Théâtre du Gymnase, and a hundred thereafter at the Porte Saint-Martin, Sarah Bernhardt appearing in the title rôle. Other well-known works of an exclusively dramatic character by these collaborators were "La Cigale," "La Boule," and "Le Réveillon." Both dramatists became members of the French Academy. Meilhac died years ago. Halévy died last week, at the age of seventy-four. Long before Meilhac's death his associate had branched out into another department of literature. After sundry ventures in romance, Halévy published in 1882 his most widely known novel, that charming example of Gallic delicacy of construction and execution, "L'Abbé Constantin." It passed through a hundred and fifty editions, was translated into many languages and dramatized. Excellent as it is for the readers of all ages and both sexes, it does not reveal the author's characteristic keenness of observation, analysis and exposure of social delinquencies, as does "La Famille Cardinal." "Criquette," perhaps the next best-known novel by Halévy, is the story of a girl's life in a small Paris faubourg theater; the first part is pervaded by exquisite humor and pathos. Halévy's short stories are also works of art, though in this art he ranks below Maupassant, Daudet, and Coppée.

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Unrest in India: Social

Last week two startling events called attention to England's difficulties in ruling India. On the northern border a raid of Afghan tribes, pouring through the Khyber Pass, recalled the similar raids of other years when British ascendency was assailed, not only by unruly Afghans, but by Russian intrigue at Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. Now, however, England is doubly armed. By the recently concluded Anglo-Russian Treaty Russia renounces any attempt to gain a sphere of influence in Afghanistan. That country is thus to be regarded henceforth as belonging wholly to the British sphere of influence. Up to last week the present Amir, or ruler of Afghanistan, Habibullah Khan, had been supposed to be friendly to England. He had recently returned from a visit to the Earl of Minto, the Viceroy of India, at Calcutta. The raid is now explained as being due to the machinations of the Amir's brother, jealous alike of the ruler of Afghanistan and of India. The second startling event of the week was the discovery at Calcutta of a conspiracy to murder Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army and the hero of Khartum in the Sudanese War. The plot, as thus far revealed, involves some thirty persons. The cause may possibly be found in the Government's policy, in guarding against mutiny, of keeping the native troops inferior in efficiency to the white troops. The conditions confronting the Government become clearer when we note that fourteen hundred miles separate the Khyber Pass from Calcutta, and that the Afghan plot involves the devotees of one great religion, the Calcutta plot those of another. But this is not all. From widely separated points there have come not infrequent rumors of riot and sedition. From the native standpoint this is not altogether surprising. The intelligent among India's three hundred millions are conscious that they constitute an alien dependency, ruled more or less autocratically by those who in Europe have been the upholders of democracy. To some educated natives this anomaly savors a little of hypocrisy. Moreover, at times the natives are led to hate the English, not so much because the latter are conquerors as because socially they hold themselves aloof through racial pride. On the other hand, Englishmen remind these critics that social exclusiveness, especially shown in caste restrictions, has always been the chief characteristic of the peoples of India; and that the

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comparatively short period of English rule has brought far more inter-racial sympathy between conquerors and conquered than was ever known before. Indian unrest was once cleverly described by Lord Curzon as "only skin-deep." But how deep the interpretation and significance! These indicate that the problem of India is, first of all, a social problem.

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Unrest in India: Political

A raid in the north, a plot in Calcutta, are not necessarily symptomatic of widespread discontent, but they may be used to emphasize existing discontent, political as well as social. The reasons for political discontent are found, first of all, in the inadequate economic provisions for the natives, especially as regards irrigation and protection against famine. Mendacious anti-British assertions of the bigoted need not be regarded seriously by those who still must feel that India demands, economically, more than has yet been spent on her. A second reason for political discontent is found in the insufficient primary education provided by the Government. It is true that for India the British advent meant a new educational era. For the British scorned following the Brahmins in keeping the Vedas, the sacred books, safe from sacrilegious touch. The new conquerors opened every possible book to the inquiring native. Such a generous taste has now whetted the appetite for more. But, to our democratic taste, education in India has been one-sided. Higher education has profited at the expense of lower. The native orators, haranguing in Bengal, have probably been trained at Anglo-Indian colleges. These leaders of opinion often illustrate the adage that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and that there is need for a greater primary grounding. Let the English do proportionately for India what we have done for the Philippines. The third reason for political discontent is found in the difficulty of obtaining ampler native entrance into the civil service, the judiciary, or the administrative councils. The holding of civil service and law examinations in more places is needed. As to the Vice-regal and other Councils, Viscount Morley, Secretary of State for India, is increasing native representation therein, as recommended by Lord Minto. The Outlook has already chronicled the Secretary's recent act in including in his home Council at London two Indian gentlemen, one a Mohammedan, the other a Hindu. Thus, for the first time in history, India has representation in the supreme administrative board. Other Secretaries for India may have considered such a change. But when the present Secretary was appointed, scoffers mentioned the "practical politicians" who had preceded him, and asked what could be expected from Mr. (now Viscount) Morley, one who had described himself as "that abject being, a philosopher." We have now seen. But many natives are still dissatisfied. They think that the inhabitants of India are, or soon will be, ready to compose a self-governing colony like Canada or Australia, forgetting alike the long political education involved in the development of those colonies and their own all but irreconcilable differences of race, religion, and caste. The aspirations of any people towards self-government are worthy of respect. We believe that those of the natives of India will be so treated by the British Government and people, as those of the natives of Canada and Australia have been. The political inadequacies above mentioned are matters of method and more or less easily adjusted. Deep underneath are the principles involved, British honesty of purpose, public integrity, unswerving devotion to duty. No one questions these. The problem of India involves manner rather than matter.

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The Address of the Methodist Bishops

Once every four years the supreme legislative body of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembles. This year that General Conference sits in Baltimore, on the centennial anniversary of its first session in the same city. Beginning last week Wednesday, its sessions will continue for some four weeks. Representing as it does the largest Protestant denomination in the country, this body is of great importance and power. Its actions register the moral

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and religious convictions of a great number of Americans. At every quadrennial Conference there is presented the Pastoral Address of the Bishops. It reviews the progress of the past four years, records the condition of the Church, makes recommendations, and guides the opinion of the delegates as to the work lying before them. Dignified and vigorous in diction, wide in outlook, mellow and tolerant in spirit, steadfast in its hold upon fundamentals, the Bishops' Address at the present Conference, read by Bishop Goodsell, is a document of great distinction and force. Because of it every Methodist in the land ought to have new pride in his Church. The Bishops report that the gain in communicants has been the largest in any quadrennium for sixteen years. In all departments the figures show prosperity and health. The summary of progress in material matters, however, is the least important portion of the address. It is the keen, alert, brave, and outspoken treatment of the mighty conditions of modern thought and life that makes this address significant. The Bishops are unanimous in believing that they should not be charged with investigation of heresies, but that any such investigation ought to be left to local conferences; they find satisfaction in noting a spirit of constructiveness in theological criticism and in preaching; they note, too, the widespread desire for adjusting the formulation of the great Christian doctrines to modern knowledge and modern thought—to evolution and to the sense of the immanence of God—though they recommend no action to that end as yet; they vigorously record their gratification in the moral awakening shown in the movement for civic righteousness, in the remedies sought for the abuse of great powers, political and commercial, in progress towards temperance, in the study of the divorce evil, and in movements for international peace. In particular, it is worthy of note that the Bishops speak in no uncertain tones concerning child labor and concerning the rights of wage-earners. "In the name of Jesus Christ," they write, "we protest against the sacrifice of childhood on the altar of Mammon, whether it be by the sloth of parents or the greed of proprietors." As to wage-earners, this is the Bishops' statement:

> In many trades the earning value of a mechanic almost ceases at forty-five. Unless promoted to supervision, he must descend at old age to the wage of watchman and the day laborer. The freight trainmen seem to have nothing so surely before them as maimed hands, missing legs, and a dollar a day at grade crossings, and in old age not that. To those of us who are secured from accident by the nature of our employment, it seems as if it would be difficult to find men to meet the dangers of railroad work. Information direct from the Inter-State Commerce Commission shows that in the quarter covered by the latest accessible bulletin 519 employees were killed and 8,273 injured. Making large allowance for the penalty of individual recklessness, we shudder at the cost of life and limb of our railroad transportation. The case is as bad, if not worse, among those who provide the fuel for our homes and factories. Men die by hundreds in one explosion. A poorly ventilated mine, from which a wicked economy fails to drive out the explosive gas, has, in some cases, permitted an ignorant and careless miner to open his safety lamp and blow into eternity the working force of the entire village. So far as greed makes such things possible, the Master whom we serve demands from us the protest of His Church and for the sufferers the tenderest sympathy.

With equal force the Bishops, though they show their hostility to such abuses as the boycott and the limitation of output, repudiate the charge of lack of sympathy with organized labor. On Church Federation the Bishops speak with sympathy, but not without qualification. On distinctively Methodist questions the most noteworthy utterance concerns amusements. As our readers know, the General Conference has been petitioned to annul paragraph 248 of the Discipline, which proscribes dancing, playing games of chance, and theater-going. On this subject the words of the Bishops will be of great weight. They recommend, not the repeal of the whole paragraph, but the elimination of that list of specified amusements which was inserted in 1872, "leaving as the ground for church trial, in case such trial becomes necessary, that portion of the paragraph reading, 'Taking such amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church,' and especially our original rule, 'to taking such

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diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus.'" As the Bishops say, this is not an abandonment of protest against hurtful amusements; it is rather a return to the principles of John Wesley. And we would add, a return to the principles of Jesus Christ, who did not enact a set of regulations for his disciples, but rather infused them with his spirit.

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Faith Without Works

For a people who are irrevocably committed to faith in education, Americans are shockingly neglectful of teachers. We boast of our common schools and then underpay those who conduct them. Our millionaires endow colleges and universities; but nobody makes it his business to see that the teachers who give worth to laboratories, libraries, and lecture halls are even fairly paid. The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ of the State of New York urged upon the Legislature of that State during its recent session a measure providing for retirement annuities to teachers in State institutions. Some of the facts presented by that Association are worth noting. Nearly nine-tenths of all the teachers in the State are women. So preponderant are women in the profession that many boys graduate from the high school without ever having been taught by a man. And there are not even women enough who wish to teach to fill all the positions. In the city of New York alone there were recently seven hundred positions unfilled. The United States offers in this respect an unhappy contrast with the Argentine Republic. Here we pay public school teachers about what we pay our cooks and housemaids. There teachers are so paid that recruits to the ranks of Argentine teachers are drawn from the United States and from Europe. Full salary in gold is paid as an annuity on retirement after thirty years of service. In a circular-letter issued by the directors of the branches of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ there is this statement:

> There are now in the United States retired teachers drawing for the remainder of their lives $2,000 per year and upwards from the Argentine Republic, and next year will see a native of Erie County added to their number. The occasion of the retirement of a teacher is made the crowning day of his life. Greater honors could hardly be shown a human being. Moreover, there is the disposition as the term of service draws to a close to advance the salary, so that the teacher may retire on a larger pension. Is it surprising that one will forego the larger financial gains of other professions to follow teaching under such conditions? Is it surprising that with men and women of eminent ability and high character to develop an educational system that affords the most thorough training for every child, even in the most remote valley of the Andes, the Argentine Republic has made such phenomenal advance, or that, in matters where intelligence counts, such as educational facilities, free libraries, public sanitation, pure food and water supply, and low death rate, Buenos Aires leads New York? Liberality in education has proved to be the truest economy and the wisest state policy.

Whether pensions for public school teachers are expedient or not, the present salaries of teachers are plainly inadequate. When the people of America learn to honor their teachers as heartily as they now brag of their schools, they will have better schools to boast about, and they will probably boast less.

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The Paramount Issue

The iniquity is not that there is a boss, but that behind the boss is some special interest. We must have men elected who are accountable to the people. We want to see politics in such shape that the highest standards of life will be those of politics, that men keep their promises, and that no one will ever dare to say to an elected officer, "I gave you your job, and you've got to do as I say."

. . . . . .

We heard that one man said that he assumed full responsibility for the vote of a certain Senator. Was it a man elected to any office or a man who would take the oath of office? A man who had received the suffrages of his constituents? No. Now it is going to be a dangerous thing in this State for any man, however important he may be in politics, to get up and say he can deliver the vote of a Senator. We are going to have a stop put to that.

We clip these two paragraphs from the New York Times's reports of two speeches by Governor Hughes, of New York, last week on the race-track issue. They state tersely an issue far more fundamental than the question whether

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race-track gambling shall be permitted or prohibited.

The people of the State of New York, by their adoption of the Constitution of 1894, declared themselves opposed to all forms of gambling. They directed the Legislature to enforce this general prohibition by appropriate legislation. This a majority of the Senators at Albany have refused to do. They represent not the people but the special interests. It is true that there are specious arguments against the specific anti-race-track gambling bill now proposed, arguments which The Outlook has reported. No cause is so bad that a paid advocate cannot discover or invent arguments for it. It is true that all the supporters of race-track gambling are not gamblers. The gamblers shrewdly provided by law that a certain percentage of their profits should go to the support of agricultural fairs, and there are farmers who do not gamble but who want the advantage of this participation in the gamblers' profits. It is true, too, that the moralist may claim that it is impossible to make a community virtuous by law, and that it were better to abolish all laws against gambling and trust to moral suasion to make the world virtuous. All such considerations are beside the mark. The undoubted fact remains that the people by their Constitution called on the Legislature to prohibit and prevent gambling, and that the State Senate has thus far refused so to do. The issue is not between gambling and anti-gambling. It is this: Shall the elected representatives represent the people or represent special interests?

A humorous incident illustrates the nature of this issue. Senator Cassidy voted against the bill to prohibit race-track gambling. Called to account for his vote, he replied that he did so because Representative Fassett at Washington telegraphed him advice so to vote. Representative Fassett replies that he sent no such telegram; that, on the contrary, he advised him to support the bill. It is now affirmed that a telegraph operator in Washington inserted the word *not* in the telegram. This explanation is of importance to Mr. Fassett; it is of interest to his constituents. But it only emphasizes the issue which Governor Hughes has raised. Senator Cassidy by his vote endeavored to represent, not his constituents, but his boss. He did, in fact, represent only an unknown telegraph operator. Who the boss of that operator was no one knows. The puppet jumped as the wire was pulled, but the wrong man got hold of the wire.

Governor Hughes is not the only one to raise this issue in American politics. Grover Cleveland raised it when he said, "A public office is a public trust," and was nominated and elected by the people, not only in spite of the machine, but partly to spite the machine. Mr. Jerome raised the issue when he offered himself as an independent candidate and was triumphantly elected against the opposition of what is probably the strongest political machine in America. Mr. Hearst raised the issue when he offered himself as a candidate for the mayoralty and was almost elected, not because the majority of the citizens of New York believed in his semi-socialistic programme, but because they wanted to down the machine. That he organized another and worse one they did not in that election consider, though they did in the State election which followed.

The issue which Governor Hughes raises in the paragraph cited at the head of this editorial is the most fundamental issue in American politics. It is far more vital than anti-gambling bills, railway rate regulation, or tariff revision. It is the fundamental issue behind those issues. To permit special interests to control the nominations, and allow the people only to choose between those whom the special interests present for their suffrages, to elect Senators who act, not on their own independent judgment nor yet on the expressed judgment of their constituency, but on wired instructions from a boss, political or other, is to make a mockery of representative government. The appeal which Governor Hughes is making against this political false pretense deserves the hearing and the response it is receiving. And the voter can render to the State and to the Nation no better service than by voting against a candidate, whatever party he belongs to and whatever policy he professes, if there is good reason to

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believe that he is the representative, not of the people, but of a boss who is in turn the paid agent of special interests.

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"Let Us Alone"

At the head of the first editorial column of the New York Sun there appeared on three successive days last week, in italic type, without warning and without explanation, the sententious motto, *Let us alone.*

The history of these three words, fusing into a brief sentence a threat and a prayer, may perhaps be best recounted backward. The Sun found them in the printed utterances of the recently organized National Prosperity Association. The purpose of this new society is to restore business confidence. Its method is twofold: Preach optimism ("sunshine" is the word it uses); and, Discourage Governmental interference with business. It does not suggest that the way to restore confidence in railways is to stop rebates and discriminations, stock-watering, and financial jugglery. That is the hated way of President Roosevelt; that is meddling with business. Its way is rather to say, All's well, and reiterate the demand, "Let us alone." It does not suggest that the way to restore confidence in corporations is to establish publicity of accounts and honesty in transactions. That is the detested way of President Roosevelt; that is meddling with business. Its way is rather to talk much of good cheer and to shout again, "Let us alone." Its ideal of a public official seems to have been, for a while, embodied in President Castro. Not long ago a Venezuelan physician, in the course of his duties, discovered several cases of bubonic plague. Dr. Peraza, disregarding the fact that he lived in a land whose President held to the let-us-alone policy, had the temerity to report the cases to the Government, and was promptly clapped into jail. President Castro then sent a man down to La Guayra, who reported satisfactorily that all was sunshine. To acknowledge the existence of plague would be an awful blow to Venezuela; to establish quarantine would interfere with business. Nevertheless, the plague perversely continued to increase the number of the dead. Now a despatch tells us that La Guayra has been made a closed port and is being subjected to an unprecedented cleansing; and Dr. Peraza, released from jail, has been triumphantly borne about on men's shoulders. Although the sunshine policy has had to give way under popular remonstrance, President Castro succeeded for a month in bravely living up to the motto "Let us alone."

This prayer of the National Prosperity Association and the New York Sun has been traced to its alleged origin in the saying of the advocates of the slave power, who were fond of repeating, "All that we ask is to be let alone." It was on this saying that Henry Howard Brownell wrote the following bit of colloquial verse:

As vonce I valked by a dismal svamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers by;
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in;
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat;
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome;—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, vith a groan;
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say:
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!
You've *ben* let alone—a darned sight too long!—
Of all the sarce that I ever heard!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than ary kite.

You must hev a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll hev my hardware back and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarnal smash;
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and t'other Old Cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,

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And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,
Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no,—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos, *let me alone*."

For the real origin of that motto, however, which expresses so tersely the temper of the National Prosperity Association, and which has captivated the New York Sun, we must go back nearly nineteen hundred years. It is recorded in the Gospel according to Mark that there was in a synagogue a man with an unclean spirit who, when he heard One teaching with authority and not as the scribes, cried out, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee? Art thou come to destroy us?" The next time the National Prosperity Association or the New York Sun prints with its enthusiastic approval the motto, "Let us alone," we trust that it will give credit to the man with the unclean spirit.

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Religious Solidarity

Solidarity is more than unity, more than a mere community of nature, interests, and relations; it is the active expression of such community. A solid body, if at rest, reacts as a unit in resistance to any disturbing force. If in motion, it acts as a unit of driving force against whatever it encounters. A well-worn phrase, "the solid South," embodies an experience of political solidarity. Religious solidarity is the proper term for the unity of religious men in resistance to whatever interferes with their common religious purpose to get God's will done on earth, and for their unity also in action to realize that purpose.

Sporadic cases of such solidarity occasionally show on a small scale what is possible on a large scale. The churches in a town have often driven out gamblers or closed saloons by solid effort. Some years ago the churches of New Jersey by massing their forces drove race-track gambling from the State. Such successful solidifying of religious men to suppress social vices now needs extension to campaigns against social wrongs—such as child labor in the glass factories of New Jersey and the coal mines of Pennsylvania—which are no less abhorrent than gambling and intemperance to the religious spirit of Jesus in its guardianship of "the little ones." Not a common thought or a common feeling adverse to such scandals, but a common *will* to abolish them, is the mark of thorough religion. Religion is nothing less than "attachment to God with the will."

The need of it is proclaimed in high places throughout the land. Our National Attorney-General affirms that "the underlying evil in the administration of our public affairs is simply dishonesty." The President of Columbia University tells us that "the situation which confronts Americans to-day is due to lack of moral principle." Judges declare from the bench that the whole country is afflicted with lawlessness. The President of Yale has said that the confidence of large numbers of the people in their courts of justice is impaired to a threatening extent. On the other hand, there is hope—provided the twenty-eight million religious communicants in the United States, or even a fraction of them, can be massed in solid earnestness to quell the riot of moral anarchy that breaks out at point after point in the industrial, commercial, and political life of the Nation.

It is auspicious that just at this time, when a serious moral crisis is demanding religious solidarity to meet its challenge by calling out the moral reserves, the projected Federation of Churches has secured the concurrence of twenty-one denominations. The great possibilities of regenerative power involved in this movement are conditioned on clear vision of the radical need and remedy, for "where there is no vision the people cast off restraint."

The social troubles of our time, as an Australian bishop has remarked, spring largely from defective social ideals. Jesus' ideal of the social life, presented in the Golden Rule, is competition in *giving* benefit; but for this has been substituted competition in *getting* benefit—mastery instead of ministry. Jesus' ideal of the moral life is aspiration to imitate the perfect goodness of the Heavenly Father; but for this has been substituted conformity to the standard practice of the time. Hence Christianity

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as it now exists, fallen away from the high ideals of Jesus, is too weak for the regenerating work now necessary for social salvation.

Here, then, is the point of difficulty on which clear vision and wise guidance must concentrate the initial endeavors of the federated churches, responsible as they are for establishing in social life the ideals of Jesus. We must first build up in hearts what we would build up in communities and institutions. How urgent is this prime need a great English bishop has told us: "Paradoxical as it may sound, the majority of Christian people do not yet seem to know what Christian morality really is"—a paradox illuminated by the more ancient saying, "He who ceases to become better ceases to be good." Jesus' ideal of the righteous life as a life of religious aspiration toward the divine righteousness, Jesus' ideal of his Church as a religious brotherhood unitedly bent on transforming human society into a religious brotherhood—these alone produce the type of Christian and of church that can save a modern society based on self-interest from sliding into the pit in which all ancient societies disappeared.

The present time is surely auspicious for a return of the federated churches to these first principles. A moral awakening has begun in the land. It must not rest content with repairing and extending the broken hedges of the law. In the hearts of the professed disciples of the Supreme Moral Teacher of men it must rekindle the altar of devotion to his divine ideals of the righteous life. Can we not hope that the leaders of the federated churches already begin to see that this is the crucial point on which the collective interest and effort of the churches must be concentrated? The Church must take to heart the divine design of its existence, must realize in its own consciousness the ideal of the moral life, both individual and social, which the Master has given to it, if it would wish to achieve even an approximation to that ideal in the community. The sea must rise toward the heavenly luminary that attracts it before it can flood with its purifying tide the noisome flats along the city's shore.

The Spectator

Quite lately the Spectator witnessed a novel sight: the invasion by Indians of the beautiful Mission Inn at Riverside, California. But the forty or more Indians assembled there were clothed like the ordinary business man who leaves his home to attend a political convention. One exception there was as regards the cut of the hair, and only one, whose straight black locks hung about his shoulders after the manner of the "real live Indian." Captain Jack Jones, Chief of the Mojave Indians at Needles, Arizona, had an individuality all his own, and was the most marked figure at the Conference. The civilizing influences placed around the Mojaves do not reach their hair, for, though willing and anxious to accept education, to don the clothes of the American civilian, and in many instances to embrace Christianity, they refuse to cut the hair with which nature has endowed them.

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The occasion which brought these Indians together from all parts of the State was an Indian Conference—the first one ever held in California, and conducted along the lines laid down at the Lake Mohonk meetings. This Conference was called for the purpose of ascertaining the especial needs of the California Indians, and giving them the opportunity of speaking for themselves and telling in their own way the story of their lives, their opportunities and restrictions, thus unconsciously demonstrating what education, kind treatment, and fair play have done for them. Mr. Albert K. Smiley said in his opening address that "heretofore the California Indians have been somewhat neglected. Representatives from California have been invited to the Lake Mohonk meetings, but, owing to the great distance, very few have accepted." Prominent Indian workers from all parts of the State were present at the Riverside Conference: Professor Frederic W. Putnam, Director of the Department of Anthropology of the University of California, who spoke of the diversity of Indian languages in California—twenty

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distinct languages and over one hundred dialects—a condition which has long puzzled anthropologists; Dr. A. L. Kroeber, Secretary of the Department of Anthropology, affiliated colleges, San Francisco; Professor Pliny Earle Goddard, of the University of California; C. E. Kelsey, the Government Agent of Indian Affairs in California; Charles F. Lummis, City Librarian of Los Angeles; Miss Sarah D. True, Superintendent of Reservations on the desert section, characterized as "the best *man* among all the superintendents," and many others, the range of interested workers extending from the President of Stanford University, Dr. David Starr Jordan, to Captain Jack Jones, Chief of the Mojaves.

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Grouped to one side and behind the presiding officer, Dr. David Starr Jordan, were the modernized Indians—chieftains of the various tribes of northern and southern California—varying somewhat in color of skin and expression of countenance, but all able to understand the speeches made in their behalf. As one speaker said, "they are *picked* men rather than typical representatives of those whose cause they come to plead." Scattered through the audience were the bright-faced and intelligent-looking young men from Sherman Institute, many of them wearing the neat gray suit which marked them as members of the band. For an hour preceding each evening session this band of Indian musicians from the Indian school gave a concert in the courtyard of the hotel, then joined the ranks of interested listeners within. The Glenwood Arts and Crafts room was utilized for the sale of Indian baskets, embroideries, and other Indian relics and curios.

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The sight was one to rejoice the heart of Helen Hunt Jackson could she have lived to this epoch in the history of the California Indian. One speaker at the Conference, referring to her work, said: "Thousands read 'Ramona' and followed the troubles and sufferings of the poor Indians who would never have read dry facts not woven into fiction." An Indian from the reservation at Temecula spoke of the needs of his people for water, and this band of Indians was the very one evicted from its homes, as so graphically described by Mrs. Jackson in "Ramona." A teacher of the day school at Temecula, himself a full-blooded Indian with a record of twenty years as a government teacher, said that he believed the only way to do good among the Indians was to give them instruction in industrial schools. Another, a former Sherman graduate and now captain of the Cahuilla reservation, indorsed this opinion, saying that the Indian race can learn as well as any other race, and it needs only education. The captain of the reservation at Saboba entered a plea for a re-survey of his reservation, which he had been demanding for years, as well as means to develop more water. "What would you people of Riverside do without water?" he asked. "Look at your orchards, your beautiful flowers and lawns, all the result of plenty of water! We have water on our reservation—all we want is means to develop it."

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Several of the chiefs from the northern part of the State were called upon, and their plea was for reservations such as the Indians of Southern California have, and more schools and more churches. It was shown that the northern Indians are in a much worse condition than those in the southern part of the State. One chief said he would go back and tell his people of the kindness of the people of the south. "The people around us in the north," he said, "hate us like rattlesnakes, and we have no chance at all." Another chief asked that a church might be built nearer to his people. "We want a church," he said; "I am a Christian and my people are Christian people. We now have to walk seven miles to church." Between these various speeches Mr. Kelsey would explain certain points referred to by the speakers, showing why the development of water had not been feasible as at first planned, and commenting also upon other questions of land rights, allotment of lands, and kindred matters. The manner in which these Indians expressed themselves showed inexperience in pub-

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lic speaking, but their language was surprisingly good, and they told their stories in a simple, unaffected way.

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The Spectator watched "Captain Jack" of the Mojaves all through the first evening session, as he faced the audience from his seat on the platform, and formed the impression that all the speeches were falling on deaf ears, and that he understood not a word of English. His face was stolid and blank, and but for his frequent motions of mopping his brow with a dark-colored handkerchief and pushing back his straight locks, one would fancy him just falling asleep, as he sat upright in his straight-back chair. The next morning he was called upon to speak, and the impressions of the preceding evening were found to be incorrect, as he spoke in fairly good English and expressed himself well. Dr. Kroeber afterwards explained that Jack is a very notable character, "a brilliant man, a Christian, and a good citizen." He did not learn to read and write until past forty-five years of age. "He is a man," said Dr. Kroeber, "I am proud to call my friend, not only because he is the only person here who wears long hair, but also because he is a Christian and a good American. I am proud of him because, while his people originally inhabited the Mojave Valley, they have at present no land to which they have a title—though the Government has lately taken steps to secure them individual allotment—yet Jack is a landlord, for he has bought from his own savings several town lots, on which he has erected buildings and rented them to the white people." As a contrast to this Indian, educated in middle life, was the intelligent, bright-faced young man Yellow Tail, from the Crow Reservation in Montana, now an attendant at the Riverside High School, after the course of instruction at Sherman Institute. The Spectator said to him, "And will you carry the name of 'Yellow Tail' with you now that you are so well educated?" "Yes, always," was his reply, "that every one may know that I am an Indian;" and he added that it was his desire to study law and to return to his people as a lawyer qualified to fight their battles for them.

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To sum up briefly the principal needs of the California Indian as set forth at this first Conference by the speakers, one must place first upon the list the crying need of more land and more water. The Government land which has been allotted is in almost every case too poor to admit of cultivation, and an Indian to be self-supporting and self-respecting must have land fit for cultivation. Individual allotments were urged rather than the bunching of so many together on one reservation. And with the land must come the means to develop the water. In many cases the water could be had if there were money to pay for the mechanical work necessary to develop it. Much was said concerning the liquor traffic among the Indians, and it was urged that stronger laws be made to keep liquor from the reservations and to enforce the penalty for selling it to an Indian. With this plea for protection from the liquor traffic was presented the need of medical attendance and hospitals; of security of legal rights and fixity of tenure; of field matrons and missionaries. The point most clearly emphasized was not the transforming of the Indian into a white man, but the making him a better Indian in his own environment; in other words, improving the "Indianness" of the Indian. We should teach the Indian not to be ashamed of his lineage nor of his handiwork, and should encourage him to practice his ancient arts and crafts, folk-lore and songs. Reference was made to the change in Government methods regarding the Indian, and much praise was given to Commissioner Leupp, who, one speaker said, "knows more than all his predecessors put together." The Conference is an encouraging sign of the times in that noted men of broad vision and strong sympathies have come together for the purpose of improving the condition of the red men—not simply to state theories concerning them, but to make it possible for each tribe to send its own representative and set forth its own needs.

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THE LAIRD OF BRIARCLIFF

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

IN our new and expanding land it is seldom, so far, that captains of industry resolve to abandon the absorbing pursuit of wealth when competence even beyond the dreams of avarice has been thrust upon them. Let us therefore not fail to record one who has just passed away as a shining exception: Morris K. Jesup, a man who broadened and grew wiser year after year, and then, throwing down the cares of business, attained unique position for service rendered to his fellows. Many men have tried this path, but few have trodden it happily and usefully to the end. It requires indomitable will to march on, saying to innumerable temptations, "Get thee behind me! I shall not spend my old age grabbing for more dollars which I do not need." On the other hand, experience teaches us that miserly traits develop and strengthen year after year, and that the acquisition of more money deadens lofty and generous aspirations until the miserable, feeble old man finally becomes centered more and more in self, and avarice becomes the vice of his old age. A clever lady, becoming interested in Swedenborg's remarkable so-called revelations, read that men act out their ruling loves in heaven. She wondered what they would get for a noted old miser to do there, his ruling love being to a certainty for the root of all evil. Thinking for a moment, she remarked, "Oh! there will be the golden harps to trim and weigh. I suppose he would be kept working in the metal." She certainly said this, but when some one told her he had enjoyed hearing the story, she disclaimed the remark. "That would never suit him," she retorted; "his 'ruling love' would not be satisfied unless he were just boiling the metal down solid." The ruling love of Mr. Law, the subject of our short memoir, was not of this character.

But we must begin at the beginning. Mr. Walter W. Law, although really born upon English soil not far from the Scotch border, tells us that his intense love for Scotland and many Scotch traits and contributory circumstances convince him that his "forebears" had recently moved across the line southward before his birth. From what the writer knows of him, he is certain that no Scot could dispute this claim "as man and brither." Mr. Law's early training was strict, according to the ideas of the time; both father and mother were stern Nonconformists, leading godly lives, setting the best of examples to their children, and duly training them in the fear of the Lord. The father was a man of Independent thought and a member of the body known by that name, his mother a woman of indomitable energy and enterprise. It was soon obvious that the laddie was his mother's "ain son" in these as in other respects. At fourteen he was set to work as cash-boy in a draper's shop, and contributed to the family revenues, the surest mode of preserving him from malign influences, for to become one of the bread-winners of the family was an exalted position for a lad to reach so early.

He was a reading boy, which means much, and fortunately he became deeply interested in America and read everything pertaining to the Republic. Ah! little can the native American know what it means to the born Briton to read of a land where one man's privilege is every man's right, where there are no classes; no man born to rank or office, but every man born to what he can attain to; and where merit, not birth, not what your father was, but what you are, are the only tests. This is the prime prize every American is born to. This is the "fair deal," and it lies at the root of our sturdy independence, and makes the American boy more of a man than the British boy can possibly be, and the American less of a snob than the Briton. Matthew Arnold once said to the writer, explaining an incident, "My dear Carnegie, we are all snobs. Eight hundred years of snobbery in our veins, we can't help it." There was not a drop of the snob in young Law after he had read not only

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of the political institutions but of the position of the church in our blessed land under a government which protects all sects, favoring none. This appealed to the young Democrat and Independent, for his parents, as stern Nonconformists, had developed in him the Covenanting strain. This makes all the difference, for in England the Church divides, or rather makes, society. The Nonconformist is rarely or never in it, for it is still true that it is exceptional for "carriage people" to remain two generations out of "*the* Church," meaning only the Episcopalian sect. Our subject fortunately possessed the literary faculty, or at least the taste, in no small degree, as shown by his early appreciation of the best thoughts recorded in the works of the masters.

One of the early signs of future usefulness in the boy was his thirst for reading, and especially for recording what strongly appealed to him. He fed himself upon the precious words of the best teachers, recording them in a book, and constantly adding to them, until the collection of gems became a storehouse of weighty precepts, any one page sufficient to keep the possessor upon the right path in all things. "He is never alone who is accompanied by noble thoughts," is one of the treasures of this precious little book (small enough to be carried in a side pocket) which was his inseparable companion. It may well be believed that our subject had few lonely hours in his pilgrimage.

In addition to this multiform and constant companion, he constantly added to his list of personal friends through life, being an attractive personality, as also to those silent counselors of his breviary who were ever in affectionate attendance upon him, ready to call. His employer and subsequent partner, William Sloane, evidently stands enshrined in his heart. The quotation that has influenced him most, and still holds first place, is:

"Nay, falter not, 'tis an assured good to seek the noblest.
'Tis your only good when you have seen it, for this higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice forevermore."

The difference is wide indeed between the young man who feels the divine spark and absorbs it, making only the highest his ideal, and he who only gropes through life without guidance from the highest teachers.

At the age of twenty-two, when prospects were far from bright for the young man, a friend suggested that he should try America. He landed in New York in January, 1860, with a few, a very few, pounds in his pockets, only sufficient for three weeks' idleness, a perfect stranger, unknowing and unknown. He found work, however, and was able to keep himself. In 1861 there came dark days, but he was retained by his employer until the business failed. Here came his trial—no money to buy summer clothing, and very close indeed to the want of his daily bread. But he struggled through. The Member of Parliament of his district, who had recognized the value of the services of the young campaigner, sent him a present of ten pounds (fifty dollars), which he very badly needed; but, knowing his parents' needs to be even greater, he sent it home. Yes, he sent it home. Readers will note this and feel the heart throb. The sender to-day, I opine, thanks God that he was born in poverty, for wealth denies such sublime sacrifices as these to its unfortunate possessors.

Following this incident, Mr. William Sloane and his son John, to whom Mr. Law had received letters of introduction, kindly took him into their great store, although he knew nothing of the business. Something in the lad pleased them. Four years' trial sufficed to make the store boy with $350 a year a partner—yes, a partner, no less, along with a younger son of the family, the present William D. Sloane.

If the biographer of Mr. Law were to write a hundred pages demonstrating that he had to deal with that rare but ever-mounting character, the exceptional young man, he could not so clearly prove his case as these few words settle it, leaving nothing to be said: "Shop boy for four years, and then, presto, change! partner in William Sloane & Sons, principal house of the day in its field." True, the Sloanes, father and mother, were both Scotch, and Dunfermline bairns at that, but although no doubt

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this was no drawback to Mr. Law's advance, who was "of that ilk" himself, still it was not "the wee drap bluid atween them" that transformed the shop boy into the partner. We may be sure it was zeal and ability founded upon character, qualities present in some of the sons of all nations, that won that day.

For thirty-seven years he labored zealously, until 1898. Our hero, then feeling the strain of prolonged labor, gave up active business, but his partners begged him to remain one of the trustees of the corporation during his life.

On his seventieth birthday his fellow-trustees presented him with a loving-cup. Some stories of the shop boy have come to my ears, and as these may set other boys thinking how to become partners, two of them are here given. He asked permission to devote his two weeks' holiday one summer to testing an idea he had that the Sloanes should become wholesale dealers and furnish other stores. He succeeded, and the wholesale department soon became important. His chief, Mr. Sloane, had not taken keenly to the idea, but frankly wrote him later, "I was wrong in doubting its success." The second tradition is that Mr. Law became so immersed in selling goods upon a specially busy day that he forgot his lunch altogether, went home late, so tired that he could not eat a bite of supper, and so was twenty-four hours without food, but was on hand next morning, as usual.

As a salesman he was unequaled. His heart was in his work, and his employers' success, not his own, first in mind.

There was one quotation in Mr. Law's book of gems which seems to have influenced his later career after the merchant had abandoned the warehouse and developed into the retired gentleman. This was the view taken by Washington, for upon the title-page of one of his books it was written that "the only gentlemanlike way of growing rich is by the art of husbandry. All other occupations have something in them of the mean and subservient. This alone is free and noble, and the wealth thus gotten may almost be said to be of a man's own creating." Hence Washington's return to Mount Vernon, and hence, we may infer, Mr. Law's retreat to the now famous Briarcliff Manor, which, by numerous accretions, now comprises about five thousand acres in Westchester County, some thirty miles from New York City.

He had long been alive to the dangerous impurity of that chief liquid of universal consumption—milk—and the noble ambition arose to attain to the production of the richest and purest possible. Neither time nor expense has been spared to reach this aim. Fortunately, Mr. Law was not long without a hobby when he gave up work—or in this case we may surely pronounce it an ideal; hobbies sometimes have a way of developing into ideals, probably because of the difference men find between their hobby and their horse. They can get off the horse. Retiring from business is generally disastrous for the man who is not blessed with a hobby that he must ride. It will not do to change occupation even with millions to retire upon if there be nothing to retire to.

The first part of the Briarcliff property, when purchased in 1890, was composed of small and unprofitable fields, the soil miserably poor. All this has been changed in the past years, and the land, now fertile, yields abundant crops of hay and maize for the cattle, a thousand in number. Mr. Law knew nothing of farming, and soon found there was much to learn and new standards to establish. Beginning with a few cows, the herd gradually increased, but great was the difficulty of expelling tuberculosis and other objectionable features. Nothing was left untried to reach the ideal perfect herd which is now a source of wonderment to visitors. A university professor skilled in all things agricultural keeps watch over the animals. Every known appliance or mode of treatment is at hand, and the herd is pronounced free from all and every ailment. In all cases of doubt animals are sacrificed. The daily product of milk is between three and four thousand quarts, for which the demand is greater than the supply. Such is the effect of deserved "spotless reputation."

Not only the purest milk as first

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ambition, but "the most perfect roses" became the secondary ambition or sub-hobby at Briarcliff, and no less than a hundred thousand growing plants of American Beauties send their product to New York. As many as eight thousand—mostly long stems—have been shipped in one day, and the demand, as in the case of milk, is not yet fully satisfied.

Many lots of ground have been sold under important restrictions to acceptable parties who have built homes. No drinking saloon is permitted upon the estate, or any nuisance that would be objectionable to families desirous of pure, sweet, healthy life for themselves and their children.

A really beautiful church has been erected, favorite of all structures of the Laird. It is decorated with exquisite Tiffany glass windows, rare works of art, the delight of connoisseurs. One of them is to the memory of Mr. Law's parents, and another to that of his revered senior partner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Sloane. These are exquisite, and rank with the best work of the famous artists.

Mr. Law's catholicity shines out in this church. Originally built for his employees, it has broadened, and, although still affiliated with the Congregational churches of the county, it is in no sense sectarian. No subscription to any creed is required. Its membership is of all denominations except perhaps the Roman Catholic. All who acknowledge the existence of God, believe in Christ and in the Bible according to their own interpretations, may become members. Here again the Laird is something of a pioneer in marshaling men on the way which Christians must soon tread.

This beautiful church is one of the few, the very few, in which the old hymn can be sung without unavailing regret and perhaps pangs of conscience:

> "Behold, how good a thing it is,
> And how exceeding well,
> Together such as brethren are
> In unity to dwell!"

Here all unite simply as Christians and worship together in unity. The stern Presbyterian, firm still upon predestination and the sin of "imputed righteousness and of salvation through good works;" the Episcopalian, certain that the pure religion comes through the laying on of hands by man from bishop to bishop; some good souls strong in the efficacy of immersion vs. sprinkling; and half a dozen other divisions of Christians, each exalting trifling differences upon points of view and each sect building separate churches to worship by themselves, have a lesson in Briarcliff Church which they should take to heart. The writer, when traveling round the world, saw nothing that saddened him more than the rival sects of Christians, engaged in proclaiming their respective differences, trying to convert the heathen to a revelation about which they could not agree themselves even so far as to unite in worshiping the same God in the same temple, each sect building its own.

The Briarcliff Church is not the least—perhaps it is the greatest—of all the lessons that sectarian visitors can learn. Certainly it is one that must sooner or later be learnt if Christianity is to triumph by holding in its fold the mass of thoughtful, neighbor-loving people.

Recently there has been added a first-class hotel, also under stringent regulations, which is largely patronized by those seeking for a time the needed change of pure country life under the most favorable conditions.

There have also been established in Briarcliff Manor four excellent schools of wide reputation, three of which are for girls and one for boys. Together they go far to make an educational center of the place.

Mr. Law has in his employ an average of six hundred people, among whom he passes freely as if one of themselves, as indeed he is. They form a happy, neighborly community. Many thoughtful arrangements are made for their comfort and happiness. The visitor finds evidence at every turn that employer and employed are first of all fellow-members of the Briarcliff Manor Fraternity and very proud of the fact, determined to enhance its fame and happy indeed that their lot has been cast in pleasant places and determined to live up to their environment.

The writer well knows that this sketch

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would not be satisfactory to the Laird if it failed to record that his experiment has been financially successful even at this early period of development. It is to-day upon a sound business footing, although it is conducted in millionaire style; money is seemingly lavished unhesitatingly in all directions in pursuit of the lofty ideal—perfection, as far as that is possible in mortal affairs; and well enough is never let alone, because well enough is never "well enough" when it can be bettered. It was Mr. Law's ambition to prove that it pays to produce the best. This he has done at Briarcliff. This work of his has no taint of so-called philanthropy of giving. It may be deemed very sound philanthropy in the highest sense, however, resting as it does upon the sound foundation of business success as well. We must elevate the Laird out of that class commonly called philanthropists, whose frequent administration of wealth is such as to give rise to the definition of the philanthropist as a man with more money than sense.

Mr. Law has taught all men by example that one important article, best and purest, unadulterated, undiluted, can be produced at a profit, although no expense be spared to obtain this perfection. Hence his satisfaction is unalloyed, and in this he has done a much more truly philanthropic work than if he had squandered his money and was compelled to continue squandering it to produce the article, or rather the two articles—for his car-loads of roses daily are also paying a satisfactory profit. To furnish absolutely pure milk as a profitable business is philanthropy which benefits the public, and, only less important, pays the bold, level-headed business philanthropist as well. It blesses him who makes and him who takes.

Innumerable are the schemes devised to remedy some of the most deplorable evils of our day, which are found impracticable simply because they cannot be made to yield a small but certain return upon the capital needed. To make philanthropic ventures pay is by far the surest way to insure the improvement of the masses.

Early in life a saying of Goethe's made upon Mr. Law a deep impression, which never left him: "The greatest thing in life is energy with an honest purpose; once fixed, then victory; and no circumstance, no opportunity, can make a two-legged creature a man without it." The writer noticed the following motto prominently displayed in the Workman's Hall at Briarcliff: "The man must be bigger than the difficulty; not the difficulty bigger than the man."

After reading these lines, who will venture to say that Mr. Law has not chosen the wiser part in resigning from the alluring task of acquiring millions of dollars in his old age, and devoting his remaining years to the perfection of pure milk supply and the growing of roses under Arcadian conditions, as his ideal? In the opinion of the writer and those with him who recently saw Arcadia, a visit to Briarcliff will leave no doubt upon that subject. But, then, let it be noted. the man who would follow Mr. Law's example had better carefully consider first whether there be that "something within" which would enable him to create the Arcadia without. Mr. Law owns his money; it does not own him. He has a mind stored with rich gems that obey his call; his treasures are not gold and silver. Never does he cease to add to his fine library, year after year. Here are the treasures he prizes "above a dukedom." In communion with the gods he has found out some of their secrets. One, no doubt, was that

> "It's no in health, it's no in rank,
> It's no in wealth like London bank,
> To make us truly blest.
> If happiness hath not its seat
> And center in the breast,
> We may be wise or rich or great,
> But never can be blest."

"The aids to noble life are all within." Men receive only as they give forth. Mr. Law all his days has been in constant intimacy with the genii of Arcadia. He is their pupil, and knows the ways of the "uncanny folk" who inhabit the groves.

Long may the Laird of Briarcliff be spared to fulfill his mission, for mission he has. The verdict at last must be, "He has not lived his life in vain."

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THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL UNREST

BY MADGE C. JENISON

"A CHURCH which does not reach workingmen, to which few workingmen come—what is the matter with it?" This is the question which two men fell to discussing one evening a year ago at a club of young writers. One man was Dr. Percy Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension; the other was Alexander Irvine, who had shortly before given up the pastorate of a large New Haven parish because a conservative church did not want a minister who was the chief figure in a labor union and leader in a bitterly fought strike. Mr. Irvine had left the church, he thought, forever. He was making his living by magazine writing; his only preaching was the talks which he gave four times a week to the employees of factories and car shops during the noon hour.

The two men found that they had a common ideal of the place of the church in modern life. Their audiences were very wide apart. The Church of the Ascension, one of the old and wealthy Fifth Avenue churches, supported by capitalistic New York families, had never been one to which working people had come. Even a chapel built in old Greenwich Village, the crowded district nearest to the church doors, had been unable to reach the neighborhood.

"I would like to work as a volunteer in your church," said Mr. Irvine, at the end of the discussion, considering with quick respect the well-groomed British figure opposite him; and a week later he was asked to take charge of the Ascension Chapel. For two Sunday evenings he conducted the services there. Then he came over to the church itself. The plan scarcely went further at first than to give the men who listened to him during the week, leaning against factory machinery, greasy and warm as they ate their luncheon, an opportunity to hear him in comfort.

To these evening services working people came. Mr. Irvine preached about the things of which they wanted to hear. He preached of Socialism—of Morris and Ruskin first, then of some ideal commonwealths, those of Plato and Lycurgus, More's Utopia, Bacon's, and the Brook Farm experiment. After a few weeks it was decided that there should be an after-meeting at the close of the service. It is unsatisfactory to drift in and out of a church without any personal touch with those about you, and unsatisfactory to a minister to see his congregation doing so. The first Sunday night thirty people stayed for the after-meeting. It was held in the chapel informally. They talked about the sermon. Every Sunday there were more who stayed. The talk always drifted around to the social order, this being the subject which engaged the minds of most of those who came in.

Soon some people whose names and points of view were well known (on economic and social questions) began to come—Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Charles Edward Russell, Robert Hunter, William Haywood, Professor H. B. Mitchell, of Columbia, Charles Johnston, and others. They were asked to speak.

The meetings took on more formality. They are now conducted by a chairman who calls regularly upon three or four speakers for five minutes apiece, after which the discussion is thrown open to the audience. Speakers in the audience are limited to three minutes each.

These are not cool meetings. Working people are not cool on economic questions. It was not intended that the meetings should be devoted to any one field of thought, but they settled down almost at once to the discussion of two things—the formation of a better social order and the great economic differences that are keeping the different classes apart.

"It is strange how quickly we come

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down to elemental things," Mr. Irvine said. The bread line, the old Christian ideal of development by suffering, the unemployed, the decisions of the Supreme Court in labor matters, the Socialists' party platform—these are some of the various questions which have been under discussion. Here you have a people's forum, crowded with laboring people often incoherent, sometimes stating their bitter question with a sting which the cultured cannot equal; all thinking, coming into life intellectually, and asking why things are as they are with them—a large proportion of wage-earners, and with them an increasing number of those who pay wages, wealthy pew-holders in the church, brought in touch here with an aspect of life little known to most of them. It is these two classes of fundamentally different ideas and social position, listening to each other with an intent to understand, and with a certain unusual attitude of tolerance constantly growing between them—this is the situation which makes these meetings unique.

It is not a situation easily handled. A person whose blood is hissing hot is likely to point his finger at his man and say, "You are a coward and a liar," an expression of a point of view which does not make for social betterment and has a tendency to end a debate in a heap. Only a fine and watchful wisdom could have met the problems that have come up in an experiment so full of pitfalls, so little assured of approval. Such dangers and others more delicate Dr. Grant has found ways to avert. Then there is Alexander Irvine in his long clerical robe, which sits incongruously on the military stride he acquired in the campaign of the Sudan; with his big, open-handed gestures, his explosive Irish laughter, which is an olive branch and a comic opera and a philosophy in itself; rushing forward whenever things grow warm, and elbowing himself into the thick of the fight; telling a story, raising a laugh, and then pouring out at the end of every meeting the rich flood of his Celtic fervor and courage and strength to bear in his own person the whole world sorrow—all his, every pang of it.

"Why don't they get a minister of their own kind?" said a feverish-eyed man who sat beside me one night in the balcony, and talked about bombs with a familiarity which kept me quivering between the instinct of self-preservation and interest in his evident admiration for this move of an institution which he was accustomed to revile. "Why don't they get one of their own kind? There's good preachers in the Episcopal Church."

"I think it was rather big of them," I offered, carefully. "They took their man where they found him. It isn't a question of creed."

"Well, he's all right," he said, with evident disgust, "but I guess they'll stop us pretty quick when we begin to talk facts."

"They didn't stop anybody, did they?" I took the risk of saying when the meeting was over.

These meetings are not for the workingman and the Socialist alone; there are all kinds of people. There are the graceful women at the back of the platform, in their plumed hats and delicate gowns, drooping upon the carved arms of the chancel chairs, silent and absorbed, seeing a strange world. There is the young workman in a sweater; gigantic, vital as an oak, and with the power to use the English tongue; the self-contained college professor whose poise comes out sharply in contrast with the little East Side hotheads who are shot to their feet with the intensity of their emotions, and can only lash about in a sea of words and hammer the unretaliating air like boys in an oratorical contest; and the gentle old saint who gets to his feet in sections, and offers for our consideration a few beautiful sentiments culled from the social philosophy of the fall of 1846. There is the young man who has given up law or medicine or art and left a happy home to hasten social progress by stoking a furnace or trimming the trees in Central Park—in deadly earnest, but somewhat outgeneraled by his new-found altruism. There is the trade-unionist who thinks that organized labor has spoken the last word in social evolution; the physician who believes that economics is the same thing as biology; the theosophist, pre-

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occupied with the soul, and far distant from that great world of material misery which modern life has set itself to conquer. And Dr. Grant, the man who has made all this exchange of ideas possible, stands in the crowd at the back of the platform, observant and gracious, but neither speaking nor interfering with the proceedings. Even on the Sunday evening of March 29, the day after the unemployed had been prevented from meeting in Union Square, he stood by while the audience boiled itself up to fever heat.

Mr. Irvine had been in the Square. He was to have been one of the speakers. A good many of the people in the audience had been there; and very many of them had lived near to the problems of the unemployed all winter. A few of them had been knocked down by the policemen. Mr. Irvine had been within ten feet of the bomb which was exploded. But the talk did not center about personal experiences. The real issue, the American right to free speech and free assemblage, and the question of solidarity among working people—of standing all together—engaged that hour and a half session.

"Would you mind telling me why you were there Saturday afternoon?" one of the vestrymen asked Mr. Irvine as they came in together.

"Well, that is a pretty personal question," Mr. Irvine said, the furrows in his face sharpening, "but I don't mind telling you. I was there because I have a big reserve in me; for ten years I have had it. Sometime it will be called upon, and I did not know but what it would be called upon Saturday afternoon. That is the first reason. And I was there, secondly, because there is a difference between differing with a man on the best way to do a thing, and wanting to see him suffer if he should make a mistake. And I was there, thirdly, as a representative of this church," he said, and his face blazed up. "I thought there might be trouble, and if there was, this church ought to be there. I thought there might be a fight, and when there is a fight for something that is right, the place for a Christian minister is in the thick of it."

This meeting was the most effective one of the winter. It was the most effective because it did most to bring to consummation the generous ideal back of the attempt being made here—that of bringing working people and the rich to an understanding of each other. The meeting in Union Square was a defiance of authority of the kind which it is easiest to condemn. As read behind a plate-glass window or over an open fire under the evening lamp, it did not look the same thing that it did at the Church of the Ascension, through the eyes of men who had tried in it to find a way to solve something which pressed upon them with such fierceness that it must be solved. The question of one Russian and an exploding bomb became incidental; and the whole laboring man's arraignment loomed up large and breathing. It looked just, at the Church of the Ascension, and full of a strength which must be taken account of; and Mr. Irvine, who had experienced on Saturday a social baptism which he could hand on to all those who listened to him that night, and stir the roots of some deep passion for justice which lies below all our habits of thought, did his work fully only because he spoke to people of both classes. At that meeting Capitalists and Socialists agreed that free institutions can be preserved only by free speech.

No one can measure the influence of these meetings, how great or small it is. No one can tell how they are coming out. As to what they are actually accomplishing, both Dr. Grant and Mr. Irvine have a very clear idea. They believe that it is by hearing the sincere experiences and thoughts of people under our existing civilization that we learn what changes should be made for to-morrow. In this people's forum the classes are putting their questions directly to each other, and the Church, with its vast machinery ready to use, is making the opportunity for that understanding between them which will avert a growing separation.

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A WONDER-BOOK OF MY CHILDHOOD

BY JANE MARSH PARKER

A. D. 1844—sixty-four years ago. Orthodox Christianity, for all its divers divisions, then stood as one in firm allegiance to the literal interpretation of the Bible. To question the infallibility of the record as history, even of its chronology as final, was to be accused of heresy, if not of rank infidelity. The world had been made in six literal days; the sun stood still at Joshua's command; Christ was coming the second time in the clouds of heaven; the end of the world was near, when the wicked would be burned up with it, root and branch. The faith of the Church in the literal fulfillment of the unfulfilled prophecies found expression in hymns like "Dies Iræ"—hymns hard to adjust to the fuller revelation of to-day.

That summer of 1844 is not to be overlooked in a study of fanaticism. It was the year of the culmination of Millerism, an outcome of which was the founding of the several sects of the Adventists of to-day. That was the year of "the tenth day of the seventh-month movement" (October 24), which has been called the religious cyclone of the century. The open believers in Father Miller's midnight cry, "Behold, He cometh," exceeded fifty thousand in this country alone. The hearts of a multitude who did not identify themselves with the derided Millerites were failing them for fear. The End of the World was a leading topic of the press, as is amply proved by the files of Boston and New York and Philadelphia journals of 1842–1844.

For ten years and more William Miller had been lecturing before crowded audiences in large cities, showing how the prophet Daniel had made plain just when the end would be. "When ye see these things, know—." Having seen "those things," knowing the year, the month, and the day followed, of course. At first William Miller had been in high favor with orthodoxy. As a promoter of revivals he had been in popular demand. It was his later cry to his disciples, "Come out of Babylon!"—his call upon them to sever their relations with religious bodies that did not proclaim the speedy coming—that had turned the tide against him. The year 1843 was the time of the end he first proclaimed. With the passing by of that year, and all things continuing as they were, fuller light had been thrown upon the prophetical periods. Basing chronological computations upon Roman instead of Jewish time explained the mistake perfectly. 1843 Roman time should have been 1843 Jewish time; A.D. 1844 would see the consummation of all things—"and presumably at the hour of even."

I was six years old (A.D. 1843) when my father, the pastor of a country parish in eastern New York, "came out of Babylon," burned his ships behind him, and moved his family to Rochester to fill the place designated for him by Father Miller as head of the western center of the movement, becoming the editor of the weekly journal and of countless publications of the cause. His home was a port of storms for the traveling preachers, and their families as well, and its elastic hospitality included a large contingent of the faithful from the country round about who had left their all to spend the remnant of time remaining in constant attendance upon the meetings of the believers. The prospect of "all going up together with a shout" was ample compensation for sleeping on our parlor floor, as many had to do, and for leaving their babies overmuch through the day to the compulsory care of my mother's children.

That the trumpet might sound any moment we children were in no danger of forgetting that summer, for although a day had been set for the End, there

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was a possibility of another mistake in calculating periods, in misinterpretations, in missing links, etc. That it would not do to run any risks in disobedience was heavy upon our infantile minds. We must do our best in caring for the babies left all too often on our hands. Dread expectancy of hearing the "awful trump" became wonderfully dulled in the long tarrying, happily; but that the day was coming, nearer and nearer, that would burn as an oven, we never forgot. I knew what the heat of an old-fashioned brick oven was like—the sudden opening of the door of one had once singed my hair. I threw my rag doll upon a blaze of garden rubbish one day; watching it shrivel to ashes, I learned what to be burned up root and branch was like—and I with a green apple in my pocket that minute! "If the Lord comes before morning, may I be caught up to meet him in the air," I never failed to say at night. Poor little Millerites! Father would see that I was caught up in time out of the fire; but then there were three of us little girls, and mother besides, and thunder and lightning always made her faint dead away. Of course my kittens would have to go, and a little boy I liked that said swear-words. But these moods were brief, and came only when I had been very naughty. So, all in all, I did not have such a very bad time that summer, for there was no going to school, nor multiplication table, nor spelling-book; but then we had to read a good deal in our Bibles and recite from a catechism on the Book of Daniel, making it plain as could be that the world was coming to an end that very year. I would give a great deal now to see one of those children's catechisms on Daniel, prepared for the little Millerites. It would be a rare addition to the bibliography of Millerism that President Strong, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, is collecting for its library. That there was also a text-book on the Apocalypse I am quite sure, for how else is my marked preference as a child for the visions of "I John" to those of the Book of Daniel to be accounted for, or my precocious acquaintance with all the sevens —candlesticks, angels, churches, seals, vials—each a well-spring for my imagination, and with those locusts with lions' teeth and scorpion tails, which relegated to the background even the fascinating he-goat of Daniel, who stamped not only upon the terrible ram but the stars of heaven as well.

"Going to meeting" so much as we children did that summer (and, oh! so many fast days) was wonderfully relieved by the rowdy scoffers who occasionally diversified the long sermons by noisy interruptions, when the police would arrive—always an impressive episode for us. Then sometimes a woman would fall into a trance and see strange things, or Brother Somebody would speak with tongues and have to be sung down. That we always enjoyed immensely. Or we had the baptisms by immersion in the river—when the great crowd upon the banks would sing:

> "You will see your Lord a-coming
> On the resurrection morning,
> While the band of music
> Will be sounding through the air."

Children used to rise for prayers in those big meetings, and tell their "sperances." Mother advised our keeping out of all that, and we did. Another feature was the great wooden images of Nebuchadnezzar's first dream that used to stand under Father Miller's pictorial chart of the prophecies—those grim portraitures of Daniel's dreams and John's visions—beasts unknown to zoölogy. The images could be taken apart, kingdom by kingdom, until nothing was left but the feet of iron and clay, doomed to be broken in pieces "on the tenth day of the seventh month, year of jubilee."

Another blessed diversion from the impending doom of that summer were the parades of the Presidential campaign, the big pole raisings, the coons, and the log cabins. The processions invariably passed our house, the exhilarating music alluring me more than once into such entire forgetfulness of my eternal salvation that I hurrahed for Jimmy Polk or Harry Clay with equal enthusiasm, and that when I believed they were doomed to the bottomless pit.

"Millerite! Millerite!" shouted the children of wrath when they saw us on the street that summer. "Where are

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your ascension robes?" Ascension robes were always just what we didn't care to hear mentioned. We never saw an ascension robe, and Father Miller had offered a reward to any one who should bring such a thing to him, one belonging to a sincere believer. The world likes to believe that the Millerites had ascension robes, and contradiction of the falsehood is useless.

Marion, my granddaughter, six years old, has been asking me recently to tell her which of the story books I had as a little girl I liked best of all. My reply brought tears to her eyes.

"Oh, grandma! is it really true? Didn't you have any story books at all? No Alice? No Jungle Book? No Little Women? What! not even Mother Goose?"

Then it came to me, was revealed to me in these my last days, that I did have wonder lore as a little child, veritable well-springs of romance even if fairy stories and their like were denied me. Could I have had stronger meat for the development of my creative faculties than that which was given me in Daniel's dreams and the visions of John the Divine? Fiction for children sixty years ago was poor stuff, as a rule. A surfeit of it in my case would have made Bible-reading distasteful quite, and to be evaded whenever possible. With almost nothing but the Bible to read, and the regular reading of that made compulsory, I have found in its stories, miracles, dreams, and visions that reality of unreality that in the alembic of my imagination became romance and fable—my wonder lore. Beasts full of eyes, before and behind, stamping the residue under their feet (words delightsome for their vagueness, my total ignorance of their meaning the secret of their charm), did for me all that the dragons of Arthurian legend and their like, in the approved literature for children of that day, could have done, if not more.

Telling stories, always from the Bible, like playing prayer-meeting, was a favorite pastime with the little Millerites. Nobody could tell the story of the first dream of Nebuchadnezzar like Jacky. The nearest approach to shocking blasphemy was when Sally Adams called out, as he was drawing a long, deep breath before beginning his story—

"A new pair of stockings, an old pair of shoes,
Spells Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews."

This resulted in her being cast into the outer darkness at once, "and the door was shut."

Now Master Jacky begins:

"The King dreamed a tur-bul dream one night; and when he woke up in the morning he couldn't tell one word of what it was about. That dream scared him dre'ful; and so he sent for his wise men and commanded them to tell him his dream and what it meant, and they couldn't, one word. Then the King said that if they didn't he'd cut 'em up into little pieces and pull down their houses and throw 'em on top of the dun-gill. They tried and tried and couldn't—so the King put 'em in jail, and he was just going to cut their heads off when Dan'l came and told him that he had had a dream too, and in that dream it had been shown him all that the King had dreamed and just what his dream meant, and Dan'l wasn't making it all up out of his own head neither. The King had seen a big image—like that one on the preacher's platform, only bigger, high as a steeple, and it had a real gold head and real silver arms and a real brass stummy and real iron legs. Then a great big stone came smashing down out of the sky, and nothing was left of that big image but its two big feet, and the stone fell right on to those feet hard and broke 'em all into pieces—and that's the way the world is coming to an end, 'tenth day of the seventh month, year of jubilee.'"

The fate of Nebuchadnezzar was thereupon recited by us all in concert. "He was driven from the sons of men; his dwelling was with the wild asses; he did eat grass with the oxen; and his body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hair was grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws." "Who is the King of the North?" we could tell with confidence, and "Who is the King of the South?" The peculiar features of each of the various terrible beasts, the woe of each vial, the names

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of the Hebrew children, the list of the musical instruments used at the dedication of the great image that the King of Babylon set up—how glibly we answered any question of our catechism upon Daniel the prophet!

And the day went by, yet still the vision tarries, for that large and growing sect called Adventists, with all their divers divisions based upon literal interpretation of prophecy, unite in saying that Father Miller's prophetical calculations were in the main correct. "The End of the World is at hand. . . . Blessed is he that waiteth. Selah!"

And so at last, when for me the end hasteneth, it is given unto me to find cause for thanksgiving for my experience as a little child in that service of fanaticism born of misinterpretation of divine truth, of the letter that killeth. In the dreams of the Book of Daniel, in the visions of the Book of Revelation, I found as a child that marvelous wonder lore that was my salvation then, and is now, from the arid Sahara of the literal interpretation of an infallible record. Perhaps before all else this very wonder lore has given me a Vision of the Life Eternal.

A COMMENT ON THE SHORT STORY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

TWO facts about the short story are very significant: it is probably the oldest literary form, and it was the latest in point of time to receive exact definition of its purpose and scope and full unfolding of its artistic and dramatic resources. The first fact means that the short story is a vital and not an artificial form of literature, and fits itself easily and almost instinctively to certain impulses and interests of men; the second fact—the fact that the short story had to wait for the insight and skill of men of the genius of Poe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, Kipling, and Maupassant—means that as a literary form the short story ranks with the highest and most exacting forms of art. The epic had immense popularity, and for centuries took the place of the history, the story of adventure, the novel, the magazine, and the newspaper; but the epic, by reason of the breadth and volume of human action which it records, has been less exacting in the matter of structure and form than any other kind of high-class literature. The sonnet, on the other hand, has demanded a skill of thought and of expression, concise, imaginative, deeply touched with a music that, never breaking from its channels, seems as free as a mountain stream; but the sonnet has always been the joy of the few, not the resource of the many. The short story was told by the earliest fires in caves by men clad in the skins of wild animals; but it was not perfectly told until the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

It is easy to understand why primitive men loved the short story and why the teller of such stories had a crowd about him in the streets of Bagdad and Damascus, and why mediæval men and women delighted in the uncritical, loosely constructed tales included in the "Gesta Romanorum." To the earliest men experience preceded reflection, the story of life began to unroll itself before there were any glossaries or commentaries; the things which happened were the only real things; and when the imagination began to open the windows and look out on the landscape of life, it saw everything from the standpoint of what had already happened. In mediæval times there was so little travel and so little reading matter within reach that the story-teller who brought the air of the world with him was as welcome as is a visitor with recent magazines to a lighthouse on some distant and lonely island.

It is not so easy to explain the attraction

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of the short story for men of genius in the last generation. That it was vitally related to some spiritual condition, to some change of attitude of the human spirit, is beyond question; for under the apparent confusion on the surface of life inexorable law plays through everything, and everything that appears has its adequate cause. An acute and very intelligent critic, Mr. Brander Matthews, is of opinion that the extraordinary productivity in this field in this country was due to the fact that Poe carried the short story to perfection earlier here than elsewhere; that the demands of the magazines stimulated the writing of this kind of fiction; and that the vastness of the country and the heterogeneousness of its population made the production of a really great representative American novel impossible. These are shrewd guesses, and they are undoubtedly true. But why should the same fascination have fallen upon the most sensitive and gifted writers of fiction in France and England, in Russia and Norway?

The invisible forces which at one time vitalized the epic and at another the lyric seemed to reach the short story in the second decade of the last century, and gave us, as a result, the most characteristic and original literature of the closing decades of that century. There had been other stories in English like "The Light that Failed" and "David Balfour," but "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "Will o' the Mill" were a new order of creative work; between "Pierre et Jean" and "The Necklace" who will pause if called upon to arrange Maupassant's work in the order of its longevity? In our own literature is there any question that the work of the last twenty-five years will survive chiefly in "Meh Lady," "Flute and Violin," "A New England Nun," "The Queen's Twin," "Marjorie Daw," "Up the Coolly," the Uncle Remus stories, and a score of short tales which convey the "form and pressure" of American life in half a hundred localities? There have been notable novels written during this period, but great novels had been written before; the short story had been told from the beginning of history, but it was told perfectly for the first time after Poe and Hawthorne had revealed its unsuspected capacity as a record of many-sided modern life.

The range and diversity of that life may throw light on the interest of the short story for men and women of creative mind, and on its interest for readers as well. Narrow as are its limits and exacting as are its requirements—unity of impression; simplicity combined with ingenuity and the possibility of surprise; concentration on an incident, a character, a dramatic moment; a background or setting lightly touched but distinctly conveyed; compression of narrative without sacrifice of color, emotion, or tragic intensity—the short story holds up as many kinds of mirrors as life demands for the reflection of its numberless aspects and experiences. It affords, too, ample opportunity for subtle and penetrating analysis; for close and merciless study of morbid temperaments or vitally sympathetic portraitures of great natures contending with tragic conditions; for the segregation of a bit of significant experience and a finished presentation of its aspects and effects; for the detachment of a single figure from the dramatic movement, and a striking sketch of its features and gestures; for the dissection of a motive so searching and skillful that its deepest roots are laid bare; for effectiveness in bringing a series of actions into clear light in a sudden and brief crisis, and telling a complete story by suggestion; for the delicate impressionism which, by vividness or charm of phrase and diffusion of atmosphere, magically conveys the sense of landscape; for the touch of humor concentrated on a person or an incident, and for the touch of tragedy resting like the finger of fate on an experience or a character.

Perhaps the most obvious facts about the philosophy of the last half-century have been the radical investigation of the nature of knowledge, the uncertainty of attitude toward ultimate truth and absolute being, and the deepening sense of the relativity of the things we know. Facts about the physical order, the structure of the mind, and the growth of society have poured in like a tide, and the chief occupation of thinkers has been to arrange and group them; we are only

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beginning to reduce them to formulas and set them in categories. As an inevitable result, the process of analysis has almost supplanted the process of synthesis, and we have been more intent on getting the mass of phenomena in some kind of order than upon trying to discover their essential nature or draw comprehensive and extended inferences from them.

In no field has the extension of knowledge been more notable and influential than in that of human motives, conditions, and characters. To the broad simplicity of the older portraiture has succeeded a complexity of subject and method as bewildering as the variety and diversity of the subjects presented. Formerly the artist, like the philosopher, studied man and was content with a few great types; to-day he studies men and gives us an immense variety of closely studied individuals. Formerly good and evil were indicated by contrasting bands of black and white; to-day they separate from or approach one another through innumerable gradations of gray. The study of the forms and conditions of life—social, political, economic—has brought to light an almost impenetrable network of circumstances, inheritances, individual traits, forces, and idiosyncrasies, and an almost unfathomable depth of instinct, historic relationship, passional energy, and influence. The world of human character and experience has taken on such proportions, both extensive and intensive, and the order of existence is so complex and reveals such subtle and sensitive connections at every point, that many penetrating minds are absorbed in the study of a little section of the vast area spread before them, and concentrate on an incident, a character, a dramatic moment, the genius of insight and of expression that would once have gone into the making of a long, comprehensive novel. Instead of large canvases presenting wide landscapes painted with a free hand, we have a great number of cabinet pictures executed with exquisite fidelity of detail and skill.

This is not saying that long novels of high quality have not appeared during the lifetime of the past generation, or that the creative energy which has gone into the more elaborate fiction is ebbing; it is only saying that a radical change of fundamental intellectual and spiritual conditions has focused on dramatic or significant points the interest which once covered a wide field, and that the flowering and maturity of an undeveloped literary form has been the result. Add to this statement of a general condition the fact that concentration, compression, and the necessity for perfect proportion and relation of parts in so delicate a structure as the short story have both compelled and stimulated the most thorough study of resources and the most effective handling of materials, and we have secured, it may be, a little more light on the growth of the art of writing the short story and of interest in reading it.

THE BRIDGE

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

Life is a bridge that all must cross
From birth to death, a narrow way.
Fools build on it, and suffer loss,
Striving to dwell where none may stay
The two eternities between;
The wise press on with steady feet
Through suns that shine and storms that beat
Toward the further shore unseen.

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THE OLD PRETENDER[1]

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE Stuart kings of England, both as monarchs and as men, have fared badly at the hands of historians. No colors have been too black in which to paint them. Their boundless egotism and utter disregard for the wishes of their subjects, their loose habits, their craven irresolution in time of emergency—every trait that would darken the picture has been mercilessly emphasized. And, to tell the truth, it would be an unprofitable task to attempt their vindication. England, after a second experiment, would have no more of them, and England acted wisely. While the House of Hanover, on which the succession ultimately fell, was scarcely a conspicuous improvement on the House of Stuart, still it was an improvement, if only because the principle of responsible government took root under the Hanoverian monarchs and developed to a degree unthinkable under a Stuart dynasty.

For, as the history of the Restoration period shows very plainly, the one great failing of the Stuarts was that which brought the Bourbons to equally unhappy estate—they learned nothing and they forgot nothing. With them it was a case of rule or ruin. The ferment of ideas among the nations, the altered standpoint from which men were beginning to view their rulers, the steady working of the leaven of democracy, had no meaning for them. This is apparent even in the history of the Stuart whose character makes the strongest appeal to posterity—James Francis Edward, the Old Pretender, or, as the Jacobites preferred to call him, the Old Chevalier. His lifetime of exile and repeated failures to win the throne from which his father had been driven did not have the embittering effect on his nature visible in the career of his son, "Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Chevalier;" but neither did his experiences enlarge his vision. He died as he had lived, a pathetic figure, brave but unenlightened, and absolutely incapable of appreciating the futility of his hopes.

Yet James Francis Edward has very real claims on our interest, even on our admiration. Nowhere is this made so clear as in the pages of his latest and best biographer, Mr. Martin Haile, who, with the aid of new and convincing documentary evidence, demolishes for all time the faulty but long prevalent idea that the unfortunate son of James II and Mary of Modena was in reality little better than the most worthless of his family. He was, as Mr. Haile conclusively proves, a man of conscience and honor, unswerving in his devotion to what he deemed his duty. Nothing could tempt him to forego his efforts to establish himself on the throne of his fathers. The offer of the crown of Poland, made at a time when he might reasonably have been expected to grasp at it with eagerness, was courteously but firmly declined. "I should think I failed to my country and my subjects," he wrote, "did I pursue any means which should put me at a greater distance and make me less able to provide for their happiness by my Restoration." And in like manner, much to the amazement of many of his followers, he resolutely refused to attain the lost kingship at the sacrifice of his religious convictions. "I doubt not," he sent word to his mother, "but that the positive and circumstantial reports which are prevalent of my change of religion will have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed by them, and I can assure you that, by the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church." As a husband he was devoted to his wife, the charming but difficult Clementina of Poland; as a father he was earnest for the welfare of his children; and far more than any other Stuart he appreciated the loyalty of those who clung to the fatal fortunes of his house.

These were his admirable traits, and

[1] James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By Martin Haile. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.

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they go far towards explaining the love and enthusiasm which he inspired despite his habit of cold reserve and reticent self-possession. He had defects no less apparent. As has been said, he was not at all receptive to new ideas; the changes visible about him and the constant buffetings of fortune which he experienced led to no broadening of his mental horizon. He was a poor judge of men, and placed equal trust in worthy and unworthy advisers. He lacked initiative and the ability to take decisive action when it would count for most. But in judging him it is necessary to bear in mind the circumstances in which his life was spent. Almost from his birth he became the plaything of European diplomacy, and was passed from state to state as the exigencies of policy demanded. False hopes were sedulously cultivated in him; he was flattered by traitors and dogged by spies. English statesmanship was not above using him as a means of gaining its ends with the sovereigns who successively occupied the throne which, on the inheritance theory, was rightfully his. The English people, with much the same end in view but with no real desire for a second Restoration, flaunted the white rose in the face of the elected monarchy and drank deep libations to the King over the water. So that, if James Francis Edward constantly found himself tricked and baffled when he tried to turn his dreams into reality, everything conspired to keep the spirit of endeavor alive in him. His life undoubtedly would have been far happier and far more useful if he had abandoned his pretensions; but under the conditions surrounding him this was out of the question.

As it was, he led a by no means cheerless existence. His youth was spent amid the romantic environs of the palace of St. Germains, which had been handed over to his father, the fugitive James II, by Louis XIV. Here, while James was desperately striving to win back by arms the crown that his mad obstinacy had lost, he passed a care-free childhood, and grew to be a high-spirited, most attractive boy. We catch glimpses of him from time to time; now romping with his little sister on the broad terraces of the palace; now, in infantile accents, welcoming his father after the disastrous battle of the Boyne; a little later—tall, slender, and elegant—making his début at the French court. According to Fénelon, whom Mr. Haile rightly terms no mean judge of princes, he was as a boy truthful, affable, self-reliant, sociable, courageous, and dignified. At twelve years of age he entered upon his empty inheritance, after a touching farewell from the deposed king—"My son, I have only four words to say to you in giving you my blessing, which I do with all my heart. Be a good Catholic; fear God; obey your mother next after God; be entirely dependent upon the King of France." At eighteen he set up a small court of his own, still in the palace of St. Germains—a pitiful shadow of a court, but enough to make him eager for the substance. And at twenty he began the work that had proved too much for his father and was to prove too much for him.

Unexpected delays in sailing from France, heavy gales, a watchful English fleet, a losing sea fight, a frantic and barely successful retreat—such, in brief, was the history of the expedition of 1708, the first attempt by James Francis Edward to vindicate his right to reign in "my own kingdom." He had to no purpose begged the French captain to set him ashore in Scotland; he came back to France bitterly disappointed but not a whit discouraged. The young blood was running too high in his veins for that. Plunging at once into the War of the Spanish Succession, he won his spurs at the battle of Oudenarde, carrying himself so gallantly that, it is said, even the victorious English heard of his achievements with "beaming faces." At Malplaquet he led twelve hundred horse in twelve mad charges against Marlborough's German contingent, and finally dispersed the Germans with a valiant intrepidity which won the admiration of both friend and foe. That night, as Mr. Haile reminds us, the English soldiers among the allies drank the health of the Pretender; but his very bravery was only the means of strengthening the resolution of the English Government to suppress him at all hazards. For, when it came to making terms of peace, one

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clause on which England's envoys pitilessly insisted was that Louis XIV should expel James Francis Edward from the territories of France and should henceforth give him no help by land or sea.

Retiring to the Castle of Bar-le-Duc, in the friendly Duchy of Lorraine, James Francis Edward now began in vital earnest to plan his restoration. From certain of the Tory leaders in England came friendly overtures, culminating in definite proposals to make him king on the death of Anne, if only he would become a Protestant. From Scotland, always a stalwart center of Jacobitism, came tidings that he had but to speak the word and the clansmen would rise in his behalf. Joyfully he set about making preparations, but, with characteristic Stuart dilatoriness, he moved so slowly that Anne's death found him still unready. Long before he took ship to sail for Scotland, George I had landed in England, had been crowned, and had practically put down the Scottish rebellion fomented and headed by the Earl of Mar. The battle of Preston, when fifteen hundred Jacobites were taken prisoners, sounded the death-knell of James Francis Edward's hopes. Still he would not acknowledge that his chance had gone. On the second of January, 1716, more than a month after Preston had been won and lost, he landed near Aberdeen, accompanied only by five gentlemen and a handful of servants.

It was a miserable home-coming for a king, and made the more miserable by the evident disappointment of the Scotch that he had failed to bring a fleet. But they rallied about him with a fine devotion. "The affection of the people," he wrote to Bolingbroke, "is beyond all expression." Many of the grand ladies of Scotland lent their jewels to adorn the crown with which he soon was solemnly invested. This, though, was the only touch of splendor to his coronation. And presently, as the enemy's troops drew nearer in overwhelming force, the chill of despair seized even James Francis Edward himself. Only a few of his captains, men like Gordon of Glenbucket, counseled giving battle. "For God's sake," cried Gordon to Huntly, "let us do something worthy memory, and, if we fall, let us die like men of honor and resolution. Our cause is good and just!" The rest were for retreat, if not submission. One by one the Jacobite strongholds fell, while the scattered clansmen sought safety in the Highlands. And at last, bowing to the inevitable, James Francis Edward once more embarked for France.

He had tried, he had failed, and for the moment was utterly discredited. No European ruler dared receive him, and England was inexorable in the demand that he be driven across the Alps and into the Papal States. The Pope, as James Francis Edward well knew, would give him a hearty welcome; but he realized, too, that by accepting the hospitality of the Pope he would weaken his cause in England. At first he sought to temporize by establishing his little court at Avignon, where for a few brief months English and Scotch Jacobites united in a merry enough existence. Then came the signing of the Triple Alliance between England, France, and Holland, with the express proviso that the Pretender must be constrained to leave Avignon with all his followers, never again to return to France. Early in February, 1716, he crossed the Mont Cenis in a blinding snow-storm, and by slow stages made his way to Rome.

Safe at last from the vindictiveness of his enemies, James Francis Edward's thoughts now turned to marriage. Thence developed one of the most romantic of the many romantic episodes in the story of the Stuarts. A match having been arranged with the Princess Clementina, granddaughter of the famous Sobieski, King of Poland, the English Government bestirred itself to prevent the union. All other efforts failing, George I, as Elector of Hanover, requested the Emperor to arrest the promised bride and hold her prisoner until she should agree not to marry the Pretender. This "odious injunction," as Mr. Haile properly calls it, was actually carried out, and the Princess was lodged in the Castle of Innspruck. James Francis Edward, meanwhile, had gone to Spain, where Philip V was fitting out a large fleet for a descent on Eng-

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land. But among his adherents were four gallant Irishmen—Wogan, Gaydon, Misset, and O'Toole—who vowed that prison bars should not keep his bride from him. Making their way to Innspruck, they contrived to get word to Clementina that they had come to rescue her. They found her eager and willing for the adventure. Their plan was to smuggle a young Irish girl into the castle as a pretended sweetheart of the Princess's gentleman usher, effect a change of clothing, and have the Princess walk out in the guise of the pseudo-sweetheart.

Everything went as arranged. At eleven o'clock of a stormy night the Princess boldly left the castle, met Wogan, and by him was led to an inn where the other conspirators were in waiting. Then followed a wild three days' drive, during which the Princess was so excited that she could not take a moment's sleep. Her all-absorbing wish, as Mr. Haile tells the story, was "to learn all she could of that England of which, since she was a little child playing with her companions, she had always fancied herself queen. The court, the habits, the beauty of the ladies and their style of dress, the names of the principal families, were the subjects of her close and eager questioning, at the same time learning all the English words she could from her companions." *En route* there were many mishaps; twice the carriage broke down. But the four Irish gentlemen—knighted afterwards for their bravery, the only reward poor James Francis Edward could give them—overcame all difficulties, and safely carried the Princess out of the Emperor's dominions, after which she was speedily married by proxy, with the significant clause in the marriage agreement that "if the said princess shall be prevented by violence from joining us after the marriage has been celebrated, the said marriage shall be of no effect."

James Francis Edward himself, when he had returned to Italy after the wreck of the Spanish enterprise, was delighted with his bride. "I cannot hide from such a friend as you," he told Cardinal Gualterio, "that in the midst of misfortune I count myself the happiest man in the world." A little more than a year later his happiness was intensified by the advent of a son, news of whose birth was at once formally communicated to the Emperor, the Czar, Louis XV, and other monarchs of Europe. In sending the welcome tidings to the English Jacobites, James Francis Edward hastened to assure them that his "brave, lusty boy shall be dressed and looked after, as much as the climate will allow, in the English way; for, though I can't help his being born in Italy, yet as much as in me lies he shall be English for the rest all over." And, further, "Let this keep up your hearts and courage for better days, which I am laboring to hasten all I can." Proud, hopeful, ardent James Francis Edward, still unable to realize that the Stuarts had had their day!

Queen Clementina, though, soon saw the truth clearly, and in the first flush of her disappointment became estranged from her liege lord; going so far, in fact, as to cut off all communication with him and retire into a convent. But the estrangement was only temporary, and the reconciliation, when it came, was complete. Thereafter, until Clementina's death in 1735, James Francis Edward's domestic life was idyllic. Could he but have forgotten that he had a claim on the English throne, his happiness would have been unalloyed. But he could not forget, it was not in the interests of his followers to let him forget, and the diplomats of Europe still found him a useful instrument with which to worry England—so on he went, pleading, expostulating, intriguing, writing a multitude of letters, absorbed in the cares of a puppet state.

After the death of Clementina he turned with redoubled love and anxiety to his children, particularly to his eldest born, Charles Edward. Providence might withhold the crown from him; at least he would labor to win it for his son. Again the bitterest disappointment. Carefully and deftly as he laid his plans, the rebellion of 1745 ended as had the rising of 1715. With a heart full of hope, the Young Pretender sailed for Scotland, just as his father had done thirty years before, and, like his father, he met in Scotland little save disaster. But, unlike his father, as the Old Pretender learned with an aching heart, he

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failed to meet disaster manfully. It overwhelmed him, bore him down, changed his whole nature, alienated him from his best friends, even from James Francis Edward himself. Not once did father and son meet after the latter's departure on his "long journey" to Scotland. The son's later years were spent in aimless wandering; the father's in trying to rouse him to noble effort. And thus at last death overtook the Old Pretender, in his seventy-eighth year, bent and worn, but still hopeful that the House of Stuart would one day come into its own.

Such is the story told by Mr. Haile, such the picture of the man who, had fortune been kinder, might have shed some greatly needed luster on one of the least worthy of English dynasties. And it should be added that, availing himself of privileges afforded by no less a personage than the present King of England, Mr. Haile does more than merely write a biography of the Old Pretender; he gives us a thoroughgoing and most valuable study of English Jacobitism, based in many of its details on material hitherto inaccessible to the historian.

Comment on Current Books

Bradford's Plymouth

To the Jameson series of original narratives of early American history has now been added a reprint of William Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."[1] As historians are aware, this is a most important source book, for without it there would be some serious gaps in our knowledge of the beginnings of the United States. Its author was for many years Governor of old Plymouth, and writes of its founding and early development with a wealth of detail not to be found elsewhere. Curiously enough, although his manuscript has been in existence for more than two hundred and fifty years, it was first published only fifty years ago. Ten years ago an official edition was issued by the State of Massachusetts, and this edition forms the basis of the present reprint. The editor, the late Mr. William T. Davis, the well-known Plymouth antiquarian, who died only a few weeks ago, has given the text a rather more liberal annotation than has been customary in this series of reprints, and has prefaced it with an excellent biographical and historical introduction. Incidentally he takes up the difficult questions connected with "Mourt's Relation" of 1622, the book in which was first printed Bradford's valuable and interesting journal of the voyage of the Mayflower.

The Unfinished Task

The author of this stirring statement[2] is concerned with only those responsibilities of the Church which are presented in the condition of non-Christian or nominally Christian lands, such as China, Russia, South America. It is, to a large extent, a statement of facts, many of them little known and worth knowing. It is a plain, clear, crisp recital by a recognized authority, widely traveled, and personally acquainted with the facts he relates concerning existing conditions. The extent of the task before the Church, the obstacles to be overcome at home and abroad, the partial success already achieved, and the resources now available for it, are all so presented that the statement is practically an argument for greater activity. That the Church has an equally appealing task at home, and is adequate to both tasks together, if the apathy can be shaken off which hinders each, Dr. Barton is not the man to deny.

Louis II of Bavaria

To American readers the necessity of a Life of the late King of Bavaria is not apparent. To German readers it may be. If so, they have in Madame Tschudi's volume an attempt at a rather gossipy biography.[1] She calls her subject King Ludwig II. Why not either König Ludwig or King Louis? He had, it is true, occasional admirable stirrings towards a realization and popularization of art, especially architecture and music. This was shown first in his plans for making his capital larger, more ornate and beautiful, and second in his encouragement and support of Richard Wagner at a vital time of need for that composer, longing for popularity and financial backing alike. But the mad monarch, abnormal and unhappy, remains an uninspiring figure. The real value of such a volume as this is found not so much in the narration of certain romantic

[1] Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646. Edited by William T. Davis. (Original Narratives of Early American History.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3, net.

[2] The Unfinished Task. By James L. Barton, D.D. The Student Volunteer Movement, New York. 50c.

[1] Ludwig, the Second King of Bavaria. By Clara Tschudi. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

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episodes in Louis's life as in the incidental light thrown upon the development of the Bavarians themselves. During much of the epoch described their political fortunes were being guided not so much by an apparently well-meaning but mentally unstable king as by one who proved himself a master-hand at diplomacy, one who later became Chancellor of all Germany, Prince Hohenlohe.

Our City of God

This fresh volume[1] from the thoughtful and genial British essayist who has within a few years gained a wide audience among us shows no lack of productiveness in his deep-soiled thought. Taking his title from Augustine's famous work, he develops in the terms demanded by the modern spirit its fundamental conception of human society as rooted in spiritual principles, and the ultimate solution of human questions as religious. "Our City of God is . . . humanity and the Divine Power that is forming humanity." The three lines of thought into which the question of our relations to this Power naturally divides—theological, social, personal—give the three groups of topics on which, as in former volumes, he discourses in essays remarkable both for their literary form and their *multum in parvo* substance. Mr. Brierley can well be brief on every subject, because he goes straight to the heart of it, and is content if he can get his readers to face the cardinal points. His theological group of essays promotes "the great intellectual resettlement which the Christian consciousness owes to itself in our time." His treatment of social topics exhibits his conviction that the divinized city "will have found and put into practice the true doctrine of property, of labor, of dependence and independence." But for him "everything begins and everything ends with the personal." Given the best social arrangements, the problem of life has only begun to be solved. Whatever be his topic, it is handled with equal vigor and grace of manner, with many a touch of humor and epigram. Mr. Brierley lays a wide range of literature under tribute to his thought, but repays the debt in many fresh, quotable sentences, which others are already beginning to borrow.

Lucretius

From the first century B.C. the world inherits in Lucretius's "De Rerum Natura"[2] its grandest didactic poem—the only book which is at once a noble poem and mainly concerned with science. Its scientific interest to the modern world is due to the fact that it gives early and elaborate treatment to the great dilemma of modern science—God or Atoms—and is, as it were, the morning star of sundry modern theories, especially those of materialistic thinkers. Lucretius taught that the world and all it contains originated from the concourse of atoms, whose infinite movements through infinite time brought together such as were fit to produce that result. He had adopted this belief from Epicurus, who derived it from Democritus of the fifth century B.C. Yet Lucretius, though a materialist, admitted the existence in atoms of a rudimentary will to come together. Here Schopenhauer as well as various modern materialists agree with him. Professor Masson notices this with some other correspondences between Lucretius and modern scientists—Tyndall, Clifford, Darwin, Guyau, and others. "Epicureans were the men of science in ancient times." The atomic theory of Epicurus, revived in the seventeenth century by Gassendi, and developed especially by Dalton in 1808, lies at the basis of modern chemistry and molecular physics. In such facts Lucretius's poem obtains peculiarly modern interest. The crowning scientific merit of it is that it so early and so strongly proclaimed the reign of law in nature. Professor Masson is not content with stating the controversy between the theistic and the atheistic explanation of nature raised by Lucretius and continued by his modern followers; he shows, also, where and how their materialism breaks down. Yet "Lucretius did good service to religion" by his polemic against the official religion of his time, full of cant and unreality. He raised against Paganism a voice which could never more be silent. Like many a modern scientist, he committed the fatal mistake of ignoring metaphysics, but "the brilliant prologues to his books are simply throbbing with the most intense enthusiasm for humanity." Unfortunately for the ordinary reader, the frequent quotations introduced are in the Latin. But for a faithful exposition of this noble poem this volume is unrivaled.

Love and Loyalty

This book[1] is a valuable contribution to the literature of power. It is inspirational, and that in a high degree. A collection of addresses to boys and girls on character-building, and the eternal realities of morality and religion involved therein, it is a model worthy the study of those who undertake such a duty. It is a book that should be in the home for boys and girls to read. It deals with real life. Its arguments are statements of experience in the lives both of the great and

[1] Our City of God. By J. Brierley, B.A. Thomas Whittaker, New York. $1.40, net.

[2] Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. By John Masson, M.A., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.

[1] Love and Loyalty. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.50, net.

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of the lowly. Its ideals are presented in the gems of literature, and in the noble personalities who have embodied the visions of poets and prophets in living characters. The author is well known as the minister of All Souls' Church in Chicago. These discourses to his annual confirmation classes were published as a *festschrift* on its recent quarter-centennial. Their large use of the poets to inculcate moral and religious lessons is worthy of imitation. Lincoln Center, the church parish house, issues much material of that sort in illuminated leaves and cards.

Psychology and Crime

Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "On the Witness Stand"[1] is a work primarily for judges and lawyers, but it deals with a subject of such general interest, and is written in so popular a vein, that it is certain to be widely read outside of legal circles. Briefly, it is an effort to explain on psychological principles the utter unreliability of much court-room evidence, and the necessity of utilizing modern psychological knowledge if the ends of justice are to be fully served. Professor Münsterberg disclaims any desire of foisting a new class of "expert" witnesses on our long-suffering courts; but he insists, and rightly, on the importance, particularly in capital cases, of leaving nothing undone to distinguish truth from falsehood or error. Witnesses, as every one is well aware, flatly contradict one another, and in most cases the contradiction is ascribed to perjury or singular lapses of memory. But, basing his statements on many series of experiments conducted in class-room and laboratory, Professor Münsterberg proceeds to show that faulty testimony may result from many other causes. All men do not hear alike or see alike; the element of expectation may influence their perceptions; they may be led astray by the subtle influence of suggestion. Indeed, it is quite possible that suggestion, as employed by police officials in subjecting prisoners to the so-called third degree, may elicit untrue confessions—a fact which Professor Münsterberg emphasizes by concrete illustrations of recent occurrence. It is the province of the psychologist to determine in how far these various factors—untrustworthiness of memory, mal-observation, suggestion, etc.—enter in to color and distort the testimony of a perfectly sincere witness; and the psychologist is aided in this determination by methods which Professor Münsterberg explains in detail. His book is most suggestive, interesting, and valuable, although marred here and there by a tendency to dogmatism. His incidental explanation of the phenomena of crystal-gazing, for example, seems scarcely adequate to account for the crystal-gazing of scryers of the Miss Angus type, as reported by Mr. Andrew Lang; and his chapter on hypnotism and crime contains statements which other students of hypnotism may be inclined to dispute. Still, this very chapter on hypnotism forms one of the most impressive features of his work, correcting as it does many popular misconceptions.

[1] On the Witness Stand. By Hugo Münsterberg. The McClure Company, New York. $1.50, net.

Among the Indians

General Howard is one of the comparatively few American officers left to us who can speak with intimate personal knowledge of the American Indian as he was in war and in peace a generation or more ago. General Howard was sent to Arizona and New Mexico by President Grant immediately after he had finished his work in the East as Commissioner of Freedmen and Refugees. He went not as a soldier but as a Peace Commissioner, with instructions to settle troubles and smooth over difficulties between different Indian tribes or between them and the whites. His first duty was to take charge of the Indians who became prisoners after the Modoc War. He afterwards visited tribes in Alaska and on the Pacific coast, and finally saw the famous Nez Percé Indian campaign. What he did and what he saw are told in animated narrative in this book,[1] which may be commended not only as thoroughly readable but as sympathetic with the effort to raise the American Indian from a condition of ignorant savagery to that of industrious citizenship. The story is full of incidents and anecdotes, and is entertaining as well as instructive. The publishers of the book have illustrated it with a series of colored plates showing Indian curiosities and objects of interest in connection with Indian life, and also with many full-page engravings which have been supplied by the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington.

Around the World

Volumes of travel are nowadays rather commonplace, for almost every one travels a good deal and the personal incidents are not particularly thrilling. It must be said, however, of the present volume[2] that the author shows a good deal of acuteness and power of selection in what he talks about, and that he keeps reasonably well in the background the happenings from day to day which might interest personal friends only. Mr. Carlisle is a New York lawyer, and has a trained

[1] My Life and Experiences among our Hostile Indians. By Major-General O. O. Howard. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

[2] Around the World in a Year. By George L. Carlisle. R. G. Cooke, New York. $2.

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mind and decided facility in arranging and placing in literary perspective his observations. The book may be read with decided interest by all who want to know about those things which are essential to national life the world over, and about industrial and political conditions. There are many photographic illustrations.

Christianity and the Old Testament

Of the many volumes dealing with Old Testament criticism this little book [1] is, for plain readers with scant leisure, an admirable presentation of what all ought to know who care to understand the essential facts and their significance. "The Old Testament," says President Thomas, "will ever remain an enigma and a riddle until it is understood as a growth." For the early religious history of Israel the books of Judges and Samuel are the true witnesses. For its culmination we must go to the great prophets and the Psalms. A later period of "decadent Hebrew piety," concerned for ritual and prone to exaggeration of early tradition, has left on the whole history a misleading impression, the work of priestly hands. Dr. Thomas insists on the high value of the Old Testament rightly understood, but plainly shows the injury to Christianity of an uncritical adoption of it. He is right in saying that "the Church must teach the Old Testament as the critics interpret it, if her more progressive members are to preserve their regard for Scripture."

The Philosophy of Loyalty

We welcome the publication of Professor Royce's Lowell Institute lectures on "The Philosophy of Loyalty." [2] They represent a thoroughly sincere attempt to set clearly before the American people the need for aiming at the highest ethical ideals in their daily life, in their intercourse with one another, and in their relations with the outside world. Believing that certain present-day conditions and tendencies indicate a lowering of individual and national standards, Professor Royce gives himself resolutely to the task of remedial and constructive criticism. His programme of reform is summed up in the single phrase—the cultivation of the spirit of loyalty. But loyalty, as he conceives it, differs in important respects from the loyalty of popular phraseology. It is far more extensive in its implications; it is at once profoundly individualistic and profoundly social; it comprehends the most commonplace of virtues as well as the loftiest aspirations. Provisionally, Professor Royce defines loyalty much as the man in the street would define it—"The willing and practical and thoroughgoing devotion of a person to a cause." Ultimately, after a searching analysis of the nature of loyalty, and its place as a motive in human conduct, he feels justified in affirming it to be "the heart of all the virtues, the central duty among all duties," and defines it in these words: "Loyalty is the Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." From the former definition to the latter seems a far cry, but Professor Royce surmounts all intervening difficulties in a way that brings conviction. More than this, so ably does he present his successive theses that his work is immediately and concretely inspiring to the man not at all concerned with the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, but very much concerned in the affairs of every-day existence. It helps him to appreciate the poverty of egotisical ideals—such as the ideal of power—and it plainly propounds means whereby life may be made really worth living.

Authority

The subject is presented here [1] from the view-point of the anti-Protestant wing of the Episcopal Church. The author notes and makes acute if not convincing replies to the objections of Protestant writers, who understand "ecclesiastical infallibility" differently from him. It merely means, he says, that "the Church's working system, considered as a whole, will somehow be made by the Spirit to guide loyal souls aright." Precisely so, in the long run. But how does this square with the subsequent statement that "in every age" the Church's "living voice is infallible"? Was it so in forcing out the Puritans and the Methodists into separate communions, and is it so now in branding these as "schismatic"? It is rather curious tnat Dr. Hall reckons the so-called Athanasian Creed, which the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country has steadfastly refused to accept, as one of the "Catholic dogmas in the strict sense of that phrase." More serious is the dogmatic misconception of "the Catholic faith" as consisting of "the totality of doctrines that are taught by the Catholic Church," the rejection of any one of which "signifies in effect a rejection of divine authority." This contra-evangelical definition of Christian faith has wrought more harm to vital religion than all the skepticism it has provoked.

[1] The Christian Faith and the Old Testament. By John M. Thomas. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1, net.
[2] The Philosophy of Loyalty. By Josiah Royce. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net.

[1] Authority: Ecclesiastical and Biblical. By the Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

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Letters to The Outlook

THE WORST BANKING SYSTEM IN THE WORLD

Mr. Youngman, Editor of the Bankers' Magazine, thinks that our banking system is not the worst in the civilized world, and offers figures of its unprecedented growth as proof. Similar proof could be given of our railway growth and of our common roads, both of which are worse than those of other civilized nations. His figures show, not that our system is not worse, but simply that our national growth is greater.

He has "for years earnestly urged the change" of the base of our banking system, which differs from that of other civilized lands. He agrees that "bank notes should be based upon coin and commercial paper, not upon Government bonds." It is this vital difference which makes our system the worst in the civilized world, diverting banking capital as it does to the extent of 1,250 millions of dollars in unnecessary purchase of bonds, and fastening upon us a fixed, inelastic currency in place of the elastic currency of other lands, which extends or contracts in obedience to the nation's business needs.

To prove his contention, Mr. Youngman has to show that the systems of other civilized lands, which have here an admitted superiority, have some defects from which our system is free, which would overbalance the crucial defect in our system, from which he "has for years so earnestly urged a change." Until he does so, I can only repeat that we have the worst banking system in the civilized world. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE SPEAKER, THE COMMITTEES, AND THE HOUSE

Having read The Outlook regularly for many years, I know it desires to be just. For this reason I venture a word respecting your article "Government by Oligarchy," which appeared in the issue of May 2.

While Speaker Cannon appointed the Judiciary Committee at the opening of the Sixtieth Congress, many of its members have been continuously upon it for eight, ten, and twelve years. One was originally appointed by Speaker Crisp, several by Speaker Reed, and one at least by Speaker Henderson. Under a custom which is almost equivalent to law, these gentlemen have been continued, Congress after Congress, regardless of their views respecting the character of any legislation which might come before them.

One of the functions of this Committee is to pass upon the constitutionality of bills, and in theory, if not always in practice, its members at such times sit as a Court. The President in his Message of April 28 said:

> The legislature has no more right to pass a bill without regard to whether it is constitutional than the courts have lightly to declare unconstitutional a law which the legislature has solemnly enacted. The responsibility is as great on the one side as on the other, and an abuse of power by the legislature in one direction is equally to be condemned with an abuse of power by the courts in the other direction.

Cooley, in his "Constitutional Limitations" (page 254), says:

> The constitutionality of a law, then, is to be presumed, because the legislature, which was first required to pass upon the question, acting, as they must be deemed to have acted, with integrity, and with a just desire to keep within the restrictions laid by the Constitution upon their action, have adjudged that it is so. They are a co-ordinate department of the Government with the judiciary, invested with very high and responsible duties, as to some of which their acts are not subject to judicial scrutiny, and they legislate under the solemnity of an official oath, which it is not to be supposed they will disregard.

A few weeks ago the House, not the Speaker, referred to the Judiciary Committee so much of the President's Message as relates to the acquisition of lands in the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains, with instructions to report as to the power of the Federal Government by legislation to acquire such lands by purchase, condemnation, or otherwise. The Committee held a public hearing, giving every one an opportunity to speak for or against the project, and then, in executive sessions (with closed doors) extending over several days, it carefully considered the question whether, under the Constitution, the Federal Government could acquire such forest reserves. No influence was brought to bear by the Speaker or other members of Congress upon any member of the Committee. So far as the writer is informed (and while the matter was pending he talked with the Speaker almost daily in the latter's private office) the Speaker did not mention the subject to any member of the Committee. It was simply a question of cold law, and the Committee so treated it, finding by a unanimous vote that while the Federal Government has no power to acquire lands within a State solely for forest reserves, it may, under its Constitutional power over navigation, appropriate for the purchase of lands and forest reserves, provided that it clearly appears that such lands and forest reserves have a direct and substantial connection with the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river. It is possible the Committee erred in

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its opinion. Courts are often overruled by higher courts. And if a majority of the House disagrees with the Committee's opinion, it can overrule the Committee and act in accordance with its own judgment. The majority can do as it pleases whether the Speaker or a Committee wills it or not. Such a proposition is too self-evident to discuss. D. S. ALEXANDER.

Committee of the Judiciary,
House of Representatives.

CHINA AND THE INDEMNITY

What you say about remitting the Chinese indemnity money makes me think you may be interested in the reply to a question on the subject sent to our daughter in China. She has lived there ten years, her husband (who was born there, being a missionary's son) having been a Secretary in the diplomatic service under Ministers Denby and Conger, and now engaged in English syndicate work:

"You ask how China would regard the proposal of the United States to remit part of the indemnity money. Well, it will certainly be, in a way, quite different from what the United States expects. I asked Edward's [her husband] opinion, and he agrees with me that, from our knowledge of the Chinese character, they will regard it as a mark of weakness on the part of the United States. They may take it as a sop thrown to them to ease their feelings on the exclusion subject, or as a bait to win back some of the trade lost through the boycott; or, possibly, as following out their own habit of always giving a present before they ask a favor of any one. As for its ever relieving, in the remotest degree, the burdens of the poor taxpayer, that is pure fiction. That portion of it which does not find lodgment in the pockets of the officials through whose hands it passes will be devoted to some of the various foolish and wasteful schemes on which, at present, the Chinese are constantly launching. If such a thing had been possible as to divide the sum in equal proportions among the schools and hospitals supported by Americans for the benefit of the Chinese, the United States might have had some assurance that the right people—those who need it—would be profited by the remitting."

I wonder if this opinion from one on the ground—a laywoman—interests you.

Cincinnati, Ohio. K. C. M.

FOUR RULES

I do not know whether the writer on The Training of Parents has finished that good work, but if not it seems a pity that he should not incorporate the four rules in the management of children that are in one of the Franconia Stories, "Ellen Lunn" by name. They are these:

"When you consent, consent cordially;
When you refuse, refuse finally.
When you punish, punish good-naturedly.
Commend often; never scold."

All so exceptionally good!

M. L. W.

Brooklyn Heights, New York.

FOR THE WORKING-GIRLS

The Working-Girls' Vacation Society has always considered The Outlook so valuable a friend that when a time of stress comes it turns naturally to its columns, feeling sure of sympathy and consideration.

Just now two new difficulties confront the summer's work: The hard financial winter, with its consequent results upon the working classes—loss of employment, or the necessity, owing to the high price of living, of economizing in the home—has made the need of vacations this summer most urgent. Tired or weakened bodies must be refreshed or the coming winter will reap the harvest that want and sickness have sown recently.

During the past twenty-four years the Vacation Society has made a practice of spending each season only its income. But, owing to the necessity of making repairs, and so forth, it has been forced to assume a debt of two thousand dollars. This must be paid within a year or so. Now, to meet this new demand upon resources, one of the eight houses will have to be closed for a part, if not all, the coming season, unless assistance is forthcoming. In view of the girls' need of even more homes this alternative seems deplorable. It is interesting to know that the interest arising from the permanent fund of life membership fees and bequests is sufficient to run all administrative expenses such as rent, printing, clerkships, etc. So all money given now goes directly to the girls' vacations.

When it is remembered that the Society provides not merely wholesome pleasure for these young people, but care and treatment for those threatened with tuberculosis, the sympathy is widened.

In our concentration upon the struggles and problems of the masses the work being done by this Society should not be overlooked. It seeks to "keep going" rather than "lift up" our army of young workingwomen; but in so doing it relieves the pressure upon organizations whose sole duty it is to care for the incurables and the hopeless dependents. The Treasurer of the Society is Miss Edith Bryce, 20 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York. H. T. C.

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ART AND COINAGE

Thank you for Mr. Schauffler's article on Greek coins. Akragas was probably a Sicilian word, but the Greek ἄκραγας would mean "yelling together" (ἀ copulative and κράζω), and was perhaps a war shout of the Agrigentines. This accounts for the device, on their coins, of the two superb eagles shrieking over their prey. The Greeks loved words and were not above a pun. The eagle of the Ptolemaic coins from which Mr. Saint-Gaudens took the idea of his figure on the five-dollar piece was dignified by a thunderbolt in its claws, which could fairly be used by Americans in remembrance of Franklin and Morse. The Egyptians, even Græco-Egyptians, had an Oriental stiffness in their art, but they worshiped birds, and were a thoughtful race. So were the men of the middle ages who introduced the conventional spread eagle, which is at least a creature trying to fly upward. Zoölogy is out of place on coins. Mr. Saint-Gaudens's beautiful head of Liberty is disfigured by the feathers which take up more than half the space. The Greeks would never have put a Persian tiara or Dacian cap on the head of a goddess. Head-dress and vestment were Byzantine. Our postage-stamps are spoiled by the tawdry frame which wastes most of the room. Large, clear, genuine portraits of our heroes would be instructive and interesting. The French are the best medalists. They have sentiment, which with them means sense and thought and feeling. Americans have plenty of it, and will gradually develop it in art, as they have done in so many other fields.

GEORGE O. HOLBROOKE.

Brooklyn, New York.

WHOM ELSE DO PLUTOCRATS GOVERN FOR?

In an editorial entitled "Concerning Men of Wealth," published in The Outlook for April 25, you explain your use of the word plutocrat. May I ask why you specialize its meaning?

You quote definitions of the word from various dictionaries. The Standard: Plutocrat, "One who exercises political power by virtue of his wealth." The Imperial: Plutocracy, "The power or rule of wealth." The Century: "Government by the wealthy class." Webster: "Government by the rich." Murray: "The rule or sovereign power of wealth or the wealthy."

These definitions all show the power or rule of wealth, but in which does it limit government by the rich exclusively *for the rich*, as you do in your definition, "A plutocrat is a man who believes in government by the rich for the rich"?

P. B. C.

THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

The spirited article on "Trusts and Trade Unions" in The Outlook of March 21 seems to overlook the origin of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. While the McKinley Tariff Bill was under discussion, it was urged that tariffs in the end brought down prices by home competition. To this it was answered that protected industries evaded competition. The Sherman Law was, therefore, passed contemporaneously with the McKinley Tariff, in order to insure home competition. The question is, Ought this law to be repealed before a reduction of tariffs is made?

Again, the speaker at the Chicago Trust Conference, Mr. Edgar A. Bancroft, who is quoted approvingly in the above article, declared that "the first step is a law that will define and prohibit all the injurious features and methods of trusts."

The trouble is that the author of "Trusts and Trade Unions" overlooks "the first step."

It may be admitted that a monopolistic combination, whether in the form of a giant corporation or of a trade agreement, is not necessarily evil. In practice, however, it is usually oppressive and often cruel. We daily witness extortionate prices to the consumer, oppression of the producer, cut-throat competition, unfair discrimination, and the like. The real problem is, How can monopoly be regulated so as to insure its harmlessness? Mr. Bancroft believed that this could be done by a statutory definition of offenses, with suitable penalties. I am not sure of this, but I am sure that redress of grievances and guarantee of future good behavior should precede new grants of privilege.

The tobacco war, an event of the first importance, is but an illustration of what will happen if all obstacles to monopolistic combinations are abandoned before we have solved the problem of regulating them and preventing their aggressions upon the people. The gravity of the issue can hardly be overestimated. It may involve the very existence of the social order. Let those who would amend the Sherman Law, first show us how to remedy the evils of industrial monopolies which deal in the very necessaries of life.

AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

[The Outlook does not approve of the repeal of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, nor even of its amendment, unless vigorous and thorough Federal regulation and control are

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substituted for it. What is known as the Civic Federation Bill is the most practical step yet taken in the direction of a proper amendment of the Sherman Law.—THE EDITORS.]

KITCHEN GARDENS

I wonder how many of your readers are familiar with the Kitchen Garden organized more than thirty years ago by Miss Emily Huntington and still conducted under her direction. The purpose of the Kitchen Garden is to train children and young girls in such simple household duties as sweeping, dusting, table-setting, and dish-washing, by means of kindergarten methods and to the accompaniment of music and song; and hundreds of humble homes have been brightened and uplifted by the lessons in right ways of living received by their daughters under the inspiration and guidance of Miss Huntington and her able assistant. When one thinks of the discomfort, and often misery, occasioned by the ignorance of many a poor man's wife of even the rudiments of decent housekeeping, it seems that this work should be better known, and should receive hearty support from all who are trying to help the poor to help themselves.

From the normal department have gone out many teachers who have carried the Kitchen Garden system to various parts of the country. Miss Huntington greatly desires to know to what extent this work is still carried on, and would much appreciate it if volunteer and professional teachers of the Kitchen Garden would write to her, giving their addresses and information concerning their classes. A book outlining and illustrating the Kitchen Garden system has been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Miss Huntington is also Superintendent of the New York Cooking School, the first cooking school established in the city, and her address is 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. M. T. C.

COLLEGE MEN AND CHILD LABOR

Shortly after the Williams College Good Government Club organized for the current year, a Child Labor Committee was appointed to investigate the conditions under which children work in and about Williamstown. The Committee of five decided to enlarge the scope of the work to include the mills within a radius of fifty miles, and began with those near at hand. Twenty-six mills in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New York were reported upon; sixty children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen were interviewed, and the homes of twenty of these visited. The Committee discussed the question with ten mill superintendents, two school superintendents, and a principal of a night school where illiterate children are instructed.

A cotton-mill in Williamstown employing fifteen children was investigated by two of the Committee. Selecting one of the brightest of the mill boys, they induced him to conduct them to the homes of the child laborers under sixteen. Armed with the school-books required to make a practical test of the fulfillment of educational requirements, the committeemen started out.

At one house they were pleasantly received by a French woman who admitted that her daughter, then seventeen, had been working three years and yet could not read or write a word of English. Her son, sixteen years old, had worked four years and could read only a little. Testing the truth of her assertions, the investigators found that the girl could not read any English understandingly, and the boy only the first primer. We found, altogether, six children who could not read or write any English, and three others who appeared to be considerably under the legal age limit of fourteen.

In the twenty-six mills visited, the Committee judged fifty per cent were violating either the law regarding age limit or the educational requirements; and these conditions exist in a region where the question is said by mill-owners and some reformers to be solved! Mill owners and superintendents generally state that the child labor laws are enforced; but one honest Vermont superintendent, when asked about the official inspection of mills in his State, remarked: "The laws of Vermont do not provide for factory inspectors. I am glad to say that this is one form of official corruption that we have escaped."

Undoubtedly the most significant feature in all this investigation is not so much the fact that thorough examination is being carried on, as it is that college men are interesting themselves in the problem. There is a strong probability that other college good government clubs may take up the movement, and it is the ambition of the Williams Committee to see eventually a small group going out from a chain of New England colleges, accomplishing a threefold service: first, to the general cause of remedying child labor conditions in their own vicinity; secondly, in bringing the name of their own college to the front in a movement of vital humanitarian interest; and, thirdly, to add recruits to the movement.

For the Williams Committee,
JULIAN PARK, Secretary.
F. C. PINKHAM, Chairman.

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